

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

AT EVENING-TIME.

BY C. M. STEEDMAN.

THE lights fade out of calmed sea,
Dark shadows seam its lustrous breast;
Flushed, like the petal of a flower,
The white sail melts into the west.

Far o'er the blue the weary winds
Have winged their flight, and swell no more
The waves' sad music, or the shrill
Of ripples on the pebbly shore.

Rest comes at last! o'er purple hills
The silvery sheep-bell tinkles clear.
Slowly the lowing kine descend
The homeward paths, and on the ear

Ring joyous echoes from afar
As reapers lay their sickles by:
Then all sound dies, and land and sea
Sleep calmly 'neath a silent sky.

Rest comes at last! oh, weary heart,
Fevered and fainting, racked by care,
And toiling 'neath thy earthly cross,
Too great for mortal strength to bear,

Take courage — faint not but endure!
Soon shalt thou say, "The day is past!"
At eventide the end shall come,
And bring thee quiet rest at last.

Sunday Magazine.

COLINETTE.

FROM AN UNKNOWN FRENCH POET.

"COLINETTE" she had for name;
In a summer of my prime,
For the happy harvest-time,
To her village home I came.
I was but a schoolboy yet,
But a simple girl was she,
And she died in February,
Little ColINETTE.

Up and down a leafy chace
Hand in hand we used to run:
How I revelled in the fun!
How she panted with the race!
Finch and linnet when we met
Sang our loves that knew no wrong,
Made the burden of their song
Little ColINETTE.

Then at length we met to part,
Sat with darkening skies above,
Love (I knew it not for love)
Throbbing to my inmost heart.
Hiding all my soul's regret,
"Till another year," said I,
As I took her hand, "good-bye,
Little ColINETTE."

Oh, the story's very old,
Very common, that I tell;
Not the less will tears upwell
Whensoe'er the story's told:
Many a witching young coquette
Now I woo with poet's pen;
Once alone I've loved, and then
Little ColINETTE.

Academy. EDWARD BYRON NICHOLSON.

STILL LIFE: ENGLAND AND ITALY.

A GREY-BLUE jug of village ware
Filled with the spoil of English lanes;
No flowers but crimson leaves are there
With berries bright from autumn rains:
And, reft from bed of marshy green,
One buttercup, the last, is seen.

A Venice glass; a milky gem
Of prisoned light and changing rays
With curving cup and slender stem
For blossoms fit of summer days;
From its chalice, flower-crowned,
Rich southern fragrance floats around.

Here spicy-sweet carnations glow,
Or like Italian sunshine flame,
And orange-buds, with scented snow,
Bestrew the space tea-roses claim;
While Parma violets, pale and sweet,
Enwreath the rest with border meet.

Few days have fled. In this dull clime
The produce bright of bluer skies
An exile, lasts but little time,
And gathered quickly droops and dies,
But long these island leaves will hold
Through winter's gloom their red and gold.
Academy. I. O. L.

A WELCOME.

FAR in the sunny South she lingers,
Yet slowly comes along,
With fairy garlands in her fingers,
With snatches of sweet song.
Her eyes with promises are beaming,
Her smiles will rapture bring,
The sunlight from her hair is streaming,
— Thrice welcome, lovely Spring!

She brings us gifts, the royal maiden,
Fair flowers to deck the hills;
With primroses her arms are laden,
Bluebells and daffodils.
Pale crocuses have come before her,
Wild birds her welcome sing;
Ten thousand longing hearts adore her, —
The grey world's darling, Spring.
Spectator. J. M. ELTON.

From The Quarterly Review.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

"AN author," says Sir Archibald Alison, "who has met with any degree of success, owes a brief account of his life and writings to both his family and his country. To the former, that his memory may not be injured, as is too often the case, after his decease by the indiscreet zeal of surviving friends or the injudicious disclosures of partial biographers; to the latter, that it may be known by what means the success was obtained and how easily it is within the reach of industry and perseverance." It is undeniable that Sir Archibald Alison met with an extraordinary degree of success, and it is interesting to learn from him, not only how and when his voluminous "History of Europe," in eighteen bulky volumes, was conceived and executed, but to what he attributes its popularity. It is also a tempting subject of critical inquiry, to what extent his peculiar opinions affected the circulation or influence of the book.

These opinions, we need hardly say, were of the most pronounced description. To say that he was a Tory of the old school, would convey an utterly inadequate notion of their quality. Right or wrong, he was the sworn foe of change in any shape. The spirit of innovation was to him the besetting sin of nations, the curse, the bane, of society. To denounce it, to combat it, if possible to lay it, was his chosen mission upon earth. He was vehemently opposed to Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Test Laws, the repeal of the Usury Laws, the repeal of the Corn Laws, to Parliamentary Reform, to the abolition of slavery, to a cheap press, and to popular education. He was a thorough-going anti-Malthusian; and on the once much-agitated question of the currency, he fell little behind Atwood, who maintained to Macaulay that, if the country were overpopulated so as barely to leave standing-room, an unrestricted issue of paper

money would prevent the pressure on the means of subsistence from being felt.

When Alison had once arrived at a conviction, he stuck to it. He could never be brought to accept as accomplished facts such measures as Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, or to admit that they had been justified by the results. To the end of his life, he maintained that they were permanently mischievous, that an endless train of evils had been laid by them. Regarding mankind at large as unimprovable, he naturally and consistently denied improvement. Yet, with all this, he was not an unfair or wilfully inaccurate writer, nor does he ever color or suppress the facts that militate against his views. What is still more to his credit, considering the temptation to be overcome, he is uniformly just to his contemporaries; and not a tinge of party feeling is discoverable in the carefully drawn portraits, including distinguished men of all parties, which form one of the most attractive features of his autobiography. He is saved from the worst errors of an historian or biographer by his intense love of truth. He might take for his motto: "Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas." This will be made clear by numerous examples as we proceed.

By descent a Scotchman, he was by birth an Englishman, having been born at Kenley, in Shropshire, on the 29th of December, 1792. His father, the Reverend Archibald Alison, the author of "Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste,"—the son of an ex-provost of Edinburgh and the scion of an old Scotch family,—was the incumbent of no less than four English livings or preferments, including the perpetual curacy of Kenley. The historian's mother was the daughter of Dr. John Gregory, author of the "Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World," on whose death she went to reside with Mrs. Montague, with whom she passed the ten years preceding her marriage, in a circle comprising the most brilliant and intellectual men and women of the day.*

* *Some account of my Life and Writings: an Autobiography.* By the late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. Edited by his Daughter-in-law, Lady Alison. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London, 1883.

* "There (at the Hastings Trial) were the members

Under her auspices, we are told, the Northamptonshire parsonage of Sudborough, where they resided for some years, was occasionally graced by the beauty and fashion of London, without losing its appropriate look and tone of rurality and simplicity. The son of such a couple, so placed and so connected, was bred up in an atmosphere of cultivation and refinement; no slight advantage, if it be true that the foundations of character are laid in childhood. Yet the father, who had spent eleven years at Baliol College, Oxford, and was bound by so many ties to England, was so impressed with the superiority for general students and practical life of the Scotch system of education, that, to give his sons the advantage of it under his own personal superintendence, he came to the resolution of removing with all his family to Edinburgh, and in the spring of 1800 he accepted the situation of senior minister of the Episcopal Chapel there; a charge which was not deemed incompatible with his holding his livings on the other side of the border. He took up his abode in the neighborhood, two miles from the city, which was considered too far to admit of his sons being sent to the High School. They were therefore educated at home under the tuition of Mr. Dunbar, who afterwards became professor of Greek in the university. "My brother William, who was two years older and read more advanced lessons, was a far better scholar. We said our lessons before breakfast, and got them by ourselves during the day; and to the regular question to the tutor at breakfast, 'Well, Mr. Dunbar, how were the lessons to-day?' the usual answer was, 'William tolerably well: *Archy a little deficient.*'"

Amidst all his deficiencies in grammar, however, "Archy was not inattentive to the substance of things." Vertot's "History of the Knights of Malta," which he read in his tenth year, fastened on his imagination; and his warmest interest was excited by the speeches in Sallust and Livy, which he was set to translate by way of exercise. His versions, he

tells us, were more free than critical, to the no small annoyance of his Scotch preceptor, who, as he was fluently paraphrasing long passages, would exclaim, "Stop now! stop now! I canna get in my word at a', now." "Such attempts," he continues, "which Tomline tells us constituted the constant employment of Mr. Pitt at Cambridge, are amongst the most useful, as the corresponding one of turning English prose or verse into Latin are among the most useless occupations, in which ordinary youth can be engaged."

Such attempts may be excellent training for public speaking, but Etonians and Oxonians will hardly agree that Latin composition, in which Alison confessedly failed, is to be despised on that account. About the same time he took to drawing, and he declares broadly that "if nature ever designated her intentions clearly in the case of any human being, it was that I should be a landscape-painter." Mrs. Grote told Mrs. Fanny Kemble that nature designed her (Mrs. G.) for a ballet-dancer; but nature, we suspect, was mistaken or belied in both instances. At all events, there is no evidence of her intentions in the shape of genius or capacity in either case; certainly none in Alison's, beyond a taste or passion for engravings and etchings, on which he and his friend Fraser Tytler (another embryo historian) spent every sixpence they could save from their allowances for clothes. "The only occasion in life on which I recollect to have felt envy was when some little etchings by the old masters, on which I had set my heart, were knocked down to a more fortunate bidder at an auction."

His allowance must have been as reproductive as Fortunatus's purse; for he had a similar passion for books, which he managed to indulge in the same manner at the same time. His father's library was limited, consisting mostly of French and Italian works.

I felt in consequence a very great want of the standard authors in English, and began before I was twelve years old to supply the defect by purchases of my own out of my allowance. The first book I ever bought was a copy of Hume's History of England, in five volumes, printed at Montrose, which I still

of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mr. Montague." — *Macaulay*.

possess. Never shall I forget the exultation which I felt when it was knocked down to me at an auction opposite the college of Edinburgh for fourteen shillings, and I brought the whole home under my arm to Bruntsfield Links! My next purchase was a copy of Robertson's Works in nine volumes duodecimo; and my third a folio edition of Thucydides Stephani. The last, however, exhausted my resources for a long time, for it cost a guinea. It was some years before I could master Gibbon's Rome, for it could not be got under 2*l.* 14*s.* Often did I revolve in my mind the means of compassing that formidable undertaking, and great was my triumph when, by long economy, it was accomplished. A duodecimo edition of Elzevir's Homer, an Elzevir Livy, Virgil, and Tacitus, and the Tragediæ Selectæ Eschylî, Sophoclis, et Euripidis Stephani, duodecimo, consoled me in the mean while, and formed, as soon as I could read Greek with sufficient facility, the daily object of study. Such was the beginning of the large library from which in after-times the History of the French Revolution was formed.

He began his university course in November, 1805, being then within two months of thirteen, and in the following year he was so fascinated by mathematics, that he often lay awake a whole night in the anxious effort to solve a problem in conic sections, and more than once extracted the square root in the dark without a figure wrong to the eighth decimal. "The only three subjects that ever had this effect of entirely preventing sleep during a whole night were, these problems in conic sections, anxiety to see the Alps ten years afterwards when on the eve of setting out for Switzerland, and twenty years later, the preparation for the press of my 'History of Europe.'"

In April, 1808, being the first year that rewards were given at Edinburgh University, he gained the best prize for an English essay on the "Causes of the Eminence of Athens in the Arts and Sciences." He explained it, and thought he was right at the time, by the doctrine of supply and demand; but experience and reflection led him to the conclusion that it was inexplicable, save on the principle expressed by Hallam, that "there is but one way of explaining how great men appear at one time in the world and not at another, and that is, that God Almighty

sometimes wills it, and sometimes not."

In the summer of 1808 he took to the study of political economy, and talked over with his father the cardinal doctrine of Malthus, that the human race has a tendency to increase faster than subsistence can be provided for it, and that this is the main cause of the misery that pervades the world. "This, he constantly affirmed, was entirely erroneous, and a fallacy fraught with the most fatal consequences, as tending to throw on Providence the consequences of human corruption; and he pointed out the true answer to it—viz. that by a fundamental law of nature the labor of one man's hands is more than adequate for his own support."

We shall have something to say to this fundamental law a little further on. So strongly, he states, did it get possession of his mind, that he soon began to think of it continually, and in the course of the autumn he wrote the first draft, nearly two hundred pages, of an "Essay on Population," which so struck his father, that when he had finished reading it, he walked twice or thrice with a hurried step about the room, and then said: "Archy, I won't allow you to become a banker; you were made for something very different from that: what would you say to the bar?" Having no predilection for any particular calling, he fell in with his father's suggestion, and it was accordingly arranged that, so soon as he had completed his philosophical courses, he should commence the study of the law. During the following winter of 1808-9, he attended Dugald Stewart's lectures on moral philosophy, and Playfair's on natural philosophy, and of both professors he has left graphic sketches, beginning: "It was impossible to imagine two men more completely fitted to convey the sublime principles of moral and physical science, or whose character exhibited a more perfect commentary on the doctrines which they taught." After a warm tribute to his father's benevolence and breadth of view, he states that on the 6th of June, 1809, he resolved on a grand effort to write a great work on population:—

We had talked long and earnestly on Mr. Malthus's doctrines, which had occupied me

much during the preceding winter; and he entirely concurred with the more matured views which I had now come to form on the subject. "Keep these ideas in your head, *my mannie*" (his usual name for me), said he at its close; "it's a great thing to have seen the sun through the clouds." I left his room in a transport of joy which I find it impossible to describe. I resolved to devote my life to the refutation of Mr. Malthus's doctrines, and became impressed with a conviction which has never left me, and has directed my subsequent efforts, that, to vindicate the Divine administration in the order of the moral world and trace the misery which exists to its true source—the wickedness and selfishness of man—was a great duty imposed upon me.

It was not till the winter of 1810-11 that he commenced his legal studies under Mr. Irving, the professor of civil law, but he labored at them so assiduously that by 1813 he had compiled eight thick quarto volumes of notes. All the time he could spare from law was devoted to general literature, upon a plan which, he says, he followed ever since when he had the required books at hand, namely, that of reading several authors in different languages at the same time, and never studying one more than an hour, or an hour and a half, at a sitting. "Thus I generally read every day Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English; and my usual complement of study was nearly as follows: some hundred lines or half a book of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*; half a book of *Salust*, *Tacitus*, *Livy*, or *Virgil*; half a canto of *Tasso* or *Ariosto*; a few chapters of *Madame de Staël*, *Chateaubriand*, or *Voltaire*; and fifty pages of *Gibbon*, *Robertson*, or *Hume*. . . . Change of subject is like passing from riding to walking—it brings a new set of muscles into play." It was the remark of *Fénelon*, "*Le changement des études est toujours un délassement pour moi*;" and the inexhaustible energy of an eminent living statesman is said to be owing to his power of turning his mind to subject after subject, the most remote from politics. But a man must be very happily gifted who could pursue *Alison's* plan with a satisfactory result.

In May, 1814, he started for Paris in company with his brother and two friends, furnished with letters of introduction which brought him acquainted with the leading diplomatists of Europe, including *Metternich*, *Humboldt*, *Pozzo di Borgo*, *Nesselrode*, and *Lord Aberdeen*. "I had not conversed with them long, before I could discern traces of the jealousies which had divided the allied powers dur-

ing the later period of the war, and learned to appreciate the difficulty which *Lord Castlereagh* and *Lord Cathcart* had experienced in keeping them together. '*Les Autrichiens*' or '*les Autres-chiens*,' was a phrase often on their lips; and the '*Austrian fleet*,' by which name they designated the enormous train of baggage-wagons by which their columns were followed, was constantly represented as the main impediment to decisive operations."

An introduction to the *Marquis de Frondeville*, one of the old *noblesse* domesticated in the noble faubourg, enabled him to judge for himself of the amount and quality of the Legitimist feeling which prevailed at the Restoration. He says that *Louis XVIII.* reached the capital of his ancestors surrounded with nearly as great enthusiasm as did *Charles II.*, on his progress from *Dover* to *London* in 1660. If so, it melted away with almost unaccountable rapidity.

We had an opportunity of seeing these loyal feelings put to a test during our stay in the French capital. On the 14th May, when at the opera, an unusual stir was observed in the centre box, and soon an English general officer advanced to the front, who, though we had never seen him before, was immediately recognized by us as the *Duke of Wellington*, from his similarity to the engravings of his head. He had just arrived from *Toulouse*, and it was his first appearance in *Paris*. The news immediately made the round of the house, and the audience cheered vociferously—cries of "*Vive Wellington!*" being intermingled with those of "*Vive le Roi!*" and "*Vive l'Empereur Alexandre!*" There was more in this demonstration than the courtesy of a polite nation to a gallant and distinguished enemy—"a foe-man worthy of their steel,"—there was the warmth of feeling towards one who had aided in effecting for them a great deliverance.

Impressed, as he could not fail to be, by *Talma* in the masterpieces of *Corneille* and *Racine*, he could not help thinking that the great French tragedian was inferior to *John Philip Kemble* and *Mrs. Siddons*:—

Talma's acting appeared to us too violent, at least in the earlier scenes. From his first entrance on the stage to his final exit, it was one incessant course of declamation, accompanied with violent action and excited gesticulation. This seemed to entrance the French part of the audience; but we, and I believe the other foreigners, felt it forced and unnatural, depriving the great scenes at the end of the play of the effect which otherwise would have belonged to them. We had all felt more strongly on witnessing the subdued emotion of *John Kemble* in "*Cato*" or the "*Stranger*"

than we did from the forced vehemence of Talma in the "Cid" or "Phèdre."

If ever a remarkable contrast was exhibited in the same art, it was in the performances of Mlle. Mars as compared with those of her great male rival. As much as Talma was energetic, impassioned, and vehement, was this great actress light, airy, and captivating. She was now past her *première jeunesse*, but that is of less consequence with Parisian ladies than it is in general elsewhere; for they possess the art of staving off age to a degree that would be deemed incredible in other countries. At thirty-two her age was given as thirty in her passport, and she continued of the same age for the next thirty years.

Lady Aldborough's age was given as twenty-five in her passport, and she continued of the same age (in her passport) till her death at eighty-five. Whenever an astonished official remonstrated, exclaiming, "Why, madam, you must be older than that," her ready answer was, "Monsieur, you are the first Frenchman who ever told a lady she was older than she said she was." This, as she used to relate, almost invariably called forth, "*Pardon, mille pardons, madame.*" The passport afforded apt occasion for French gallantry. When Sontag, in the height of her celebrity, applied at the French foreign office for a passport, the secretary, instead of filling in the ordinary form with hair, eyes, figure, etc. bracketed the required details together and wrote opposite, "*Angélique.*"

The gallery of the Louvre, then crowded with the spoils of Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries, helped to form Alison's taste in painting and sculpture, and convinced him of the inferiority of art in all its branches, except sculpture, in Great Britain. "This inferiority has not arisen from want of encouragement, but from too much encouragement bestowed by incompetent persons on inferior objects. Few men will spend six months on the doubtful chance of selling a great historical picture, if during the same time they can paint ten staring likenesses of ordinary men and women, for which they are sure of two hundred guineas apiece." For which they are sure of three, four, or five times that sum. A thousand guineas is not now an uncommon charge for a portrait. In January, 1758, Johnson writes to Langton: "Mr. Reynolds has within these few days raised his price to twenty guineas a head." The outside price Reynolds ever received was a thousand guineas

for the three Ladies Waldegrave, now at Strawberry Hill.

In return for the kindness and hospitality of the Russian officers, Alison and his friends gave them a dinner at the Restaurant Mapinot. Count Platoff, General Chernicheff, and General Barclay de Tolly, were amongst the guests.

We then saw what was deeply interesting, Russian manners in moments of *bonhomie* and *abandon*; and their manners and usages impressed us with a strong sense of their wealth of feeling and sincerity of disposition. As the evening advanced, and the *pouche à la Romaine* and iced champagne began to produce their wonted effects, they became, without being noisy or violent, in the highest degree demonstrative in their exuberance. Every one drank wine with his neighbor after the Continental fashion, touching their glasses before they put them to their lips, and many were the toasts drunk to the "Eternal Alliance of Great Britain and Russia." Before parting, the company embraced after the German fashion; and the last thing I recollect is seeing my brother, a man six feet high, lifted up by Platoff, who was six inches taller, and *kissed in the air*.

The Duke of Newcastle, who was present at the scene, used to relate that when, in the camp before Sebastopol, Pelissier attempted to salute General Simpson in the same fashion, the general drew up his tall, lank figure to its full height so as to escape the infliction, and exclaimed in the broadest Scotch, "It's a dommed dirty habit."

In 1816, Alison made a tour to Switzerland and the Tyrol, and in the following winter he saw a good deal of the Edinburgh Whigs, who (he says) received him kindly, and made several attempts to gain him to their party; but he held aloof, repelled by their intolerance and exclusiveness. They lived too much with and for each other. They could see little or no merit beyond their own circle. They were cold to the excellence of Scott, they ran down Wilson, and never so much as mentioned Lockhart, who had already attained to high reputation. Of *Blackwood's Magazine* they never spoke but with horror and contempt.

Any revolt against the opinions of the *Edinburgh Review* or the taste of Jeffrey was deemed by them high treason. And what has this much vaunted Whig coterie produced to transmit its name to future times? Nothing but Jeffrey's collected essays for the *Edinburgh Review*,—a work which, notwithstanding its candor, discrimination, and good sense, is far from being likely to sustain the great reputation he possessed in the eyes of his contemporaries.

Jeffrey's collected essays hardly support the reputation or account for the influence they obtained as articles; but did not this much vaunted coterie produce, or have some share in producing, Sydney Smith, Playfair, Horner and Brougham? What, Alison goes on to say, struck him more than anything in the opinions and conversation of this body of men, was their want of independence and originality of thought. How then did they contrive to make an epoch in literature?

Their ideas on politics were taken from the doctrines of Mr. Fox and Earl Grey; in political economy they implicitly adopted the views of Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo; in matters of taste, they took the law from the coteries of Holland House and Lansdowne House. Their extravagant admiration for Massinger, Ford, and the older dramatists, was adopted from the former of these bewitching mansions; it soon spread so generally among their party, that every Whig attorney and wine-merchant had ere long a copy of their works in their libraries; and Ballantyne was impelled by their influence to hazard the dangerous, and, as it proved, ruinous experiment of publishing a new and large edition of the mingled genius and indecency to be found in their productions. I could not for long conceive whence they had taken the vehement admiration they always professed for Dryden in preference to Pope and Gray; but I afterwards discovered the source, when Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, a man of real genius, informed me that he had been banished for years, and well-nigh forever, from Holland House, in consequence of having once at table been guilty of the heresy of doubting the supremacy of "glorious John" among the British poets of his age.

This is very loose writing. The *Edinburgh Review* was started by a set of young men without any connection with party leaders or any reliance on patronage. The Holland House coterie could hardly be said to exist before they themselves formed part of it. Lord Lansdowne, who went from Westminster School to Edinburgh, might be almost regarded as one of them. He was wont to say that the preparation of his speeches for their debating club (the Speculative Society) was the most useful mental training he underwent at any period. Charles Lamb and Hazlitt anticipated them in their admiration of the older dramatists: Gifford edited Massinger: and the taste for Dryden was revived, if it ever required reviving, by Scott's annotated edition of 1808. Talfourd was never an *habitué* of Holland House, and we are quite sure that he never lost a dinner by doubting Dryden's superiority to Pope.

In 1817 Alison made a tour through Ireland, which was then in the lowest state of wretchedness:—

I had seen Venice laboring under the deplorable effects of French tyranny and mercantile ruin the preceding year, but it did not exhibit nearly so heartrending a spectacle of human suffering. In Londonderry numerous beggars were to be seen crawling in the morning out of dogs' kennels, where they had nestled in the night beside the friendly animals; at Omagh, in Tyrone, the guards of the mail in which we travelled were obliged to present their loaded blunderbusses to the mob of beggars to keep them off; in Dublin, we could hardly force our way from the hotel door to the carriage through the crowd of mendicants.

He carefully investigated the causes of this lamentable state of things, and came to the conclusion that the explanation of the general misery from over-population was to be found in the innate character of the unmixed Celtic race; in the repeated and violent confiscations of land which had, in the progress of time, dispossessed nine-tenths of the original owners of the soil; in the frightful injustice of the English law of landlord and tenant, when it came to be applied under this altered tenure of property; in the want of any provision for the poor in the rural districts; and in "the inability of the impassioned, volatile Irish race to withstand the excitement consequent on the extension to them, when wholly unprepared for exercising them, of the popular powers of the English constitution." On his return home he moulded these views into an article for the *Edinburgh Review* and sent it to Jeffrey, who had recently been holding forth Catholic Emancipation as the grand panacea for Irish grievances. This "question of questions" was hardly mentioned in the article, which was tacitly rejected, and the writer never heard of it again.

His fondness for foreign travel had now become a passion, and in the autumn we find him at Venice with Captain Basil Hall, who had brought letters to Lord Byron, and they were received with unwonted cordiality by the noble poet. He took them to his favorite ride at Lido, and through the city in his gondola, and made his hotel their home. The distinctive features of his character were hit off by Alison.

He was destitute of that simplicity of thought and manner which is the attendant of the highest intellect, and which was so conspicuous in Scott. He was always aiming at effect: and the effect he desired was rather

that of fashion than genius; he sought rather to astonish than impress. He seemed *blasé* with every enjoyment of life, affected rather the successful *roué* than the great poet, and deprecated beyond everything the cant of morality. The impression he wished to leave on the mind was that of a man who had tasted to the dregs of all the enjoyments of life, and above all of high life, and thought everything else mere balderdash and affectation. Every reader knows how strongly this tendency is perceptible in his poems; "Don Juan" conveys a faithful portrait of his mind as it was at that period. Yet, amidst all this wretched conceit, traces of inherent greatness appeared; and I have seen his eyes fill with tears when, in rowing through the Great Canal, or riding along the shore of Lido, he recounted some of the glorious events of Venetian story.

Passing over many striking reflections on the past glories of Rome, many sensible criticisms on Italian art, and many eloquent descriptions of Italian scenery, we pause at a supper with Canova:—

Sir Humphry and Lady Davy and Captain Basil Hall formed the party. It was one of the "*noctes cœnæque Deûm*" which occur rarely in the course of life. It was hard to say whether the English philosopher or the Italian artist was the more delightful. The simplicity of manner by which both were distinguished is the invariable mark of a high class of intellect. The recollection of my breakfast not long before with Sir James Mackintosh and Jeffrey recurred to my mind; but the contrast was all to the advantage of the Roman party. Canova and Davy each sought to draw out the other, and each seemed forgetful only of his own greatness.

The conversation turning on the inferiority of Great Britain to Italy in the fine arts, "You need not wonder," said Canova, 'at that inferiority in one respect; it is the price you pay for your superiority in others. If England were Italy, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox would be your painters and sculptors, and then you would have no reason to complain of your inferiority.'" The answer was obvious and could hardly have escaped Canova, however anxious to soothe or flatter the national vanity of his English friends. "Do we not," replied Alison, "find in other countries that the age of the greatest excellence in one department has been that of similar eminence in all the others; that they have all advanced abreast? Was not the age of Phidias that of Euripides, Socrates, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Pericles? Ariosto and Tasso were the contemporaries of Titian, Albert Dürer, Michael Angelo, and Raphael; and were

not Alfieri and Botta alive at the same time with Canova and Thorwaldsen?"

In 1819 and 1820 he read Jomini, and "which was of the greatest service in the composition of my history, I learned to think for myself on military subjects and to disregard the supposed limitation of the power of understanding them to military men." Referring to his military experience as a volunteer about the same time, he says that "Gibbon found his bloodless campaigns with the Hampshire Militia of no small service in recounting the exploits of the Roman legions;" and "I can with safety assert that my service in the Grenadiers for two, and in the Yeomanry Cavalry for three years, was of the utmost value in enabling me to appreciate and describe the campaigns of Napoleon and Wellington."

When he comes to 1822, the self-complacency which never leaves him breaks out in a retrospect. After referring to the days when he had to procure books and prints out of the savings of his allowance, he continues:—

Since those days I had mingled with the world and felt 'its pleasures, its excitements, and its dangers. I had enjoyed a remarkable career of professional success. During eight years I had been at the Bar, I had not only paid all my own expenses, and accumulated a considerable library, and a very fine collection of prints, but had defrayed the charges of four long, and, from the rapidity with which great tracts of ground were gone over, costly journeys on the Continent. These repeated and dangerous deviations from the beaten career of professional duty had by good fortune not been attended with injurious consequences to my professional prospects; and in the year 1822 I found myself in more extensive practice than any of my contemporaries except Hope, who had never quitted home, and who enjoyed peculiar advantages from his father being at the head of the courts. I had visited the most interesting countries of Europe; and I had gone over nearly all the fields of Napoleon's great victories, whether in France, Italy, Germany, or Switzerland. I had seen and conversed with officers on both sides who had been in all these memorable conflicts, and I had myself inspected the armies which had filled the world with their renown. My head swam with the vast variety of interesting and splendid images so rapidly thrown into it. Recollections of painting, architecture, and sculptures, were mingled with blue skies, snowy peaks, unruined seas, and glittering squadrons. All that could excite the imagination or stimulate the fancy was imprinted in an indelible manner on a mind naturally of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament.

The grave drawback was the thirst for

travel, which was daily growing on him and could be no longer indulged without serious injury to both his literary prospects and his career at the bar: "Had I not travelled, indeed, I never could have written the history of the French Revolution; but had I continued to travel, it is certain I never would have done so. From these dangers at this critical period of my life, I was saved by two events which at once and permanently changed my habits; and at length, though not without a severe struggle, altered my inclinations." These were his appointment as advocate-depute in February, 1823, and his marriage in March, 1825. The duty of advocate-depute was that of public prosecutor. There were only three; and as the lord advocate and solicitor-general hardly ever interfered, those three were, "practically speaking, the grand jury, coroner, attorney-general, and counsel on the crown side in all cases, over all Scotland."

In a treatise written in 1824 at the request of Hope, the solicitor-general, he maintained the superiority of the Scotch administration of criminal law over the English system, in which the want of an efficient public prosecutor is a palpable blot. It may also be doubted whether we are right in requiring unanimity in juries. On the other hand, the decision by a bare majority may lead to crying injustice. In the preface to "Guy Mannering," Sir Walter Scott, speaking of Jean Gordon, the original of Meg Merrilies, relates: "I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean's sons (nine in number) were condemned to die, three on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, 'Hang them a'!'"

Alison's marriage was in all respects a happy one; and his domestic life was everything that he could wish. "This winter (1825) was very delightful: seated in the smaller of the two drawing-rooms, with our books and pictures around us in the winter evenings, we heard the roll of the carriages outside conveying people to the evening parties, in which we no longer cared to participate." In the January following he became the father of a son, whom he christened Archibald. "Truth obliges me to confess, that in the determination to give him no other name I was actuated by a hope that the name would one day become known and that he might feel a pride in bearing it." The son has

added distinction to the name, and might feel a just pride in bearing it, even if the father had done nothing for it.

In the course of the next three or four years, he falls in with several remarkable people, and sets down his impressions of them with the obvious intention to be just. Buckland, the celebrated geologist, whom he met at Sir James Hall's, interested him at first.

After a few days, however, the curiosity of his accounts of the habits of the antediluvian lizards and other animals wore off, and he was deemed somewhat tiresome by the whole party. What was wanting in him was, not a thorough acquaintance with his own subjects—for of that he was a perfect master—but a corresponding interest in, or knowledge of, those of others. He resembled the English sergeants-at-law or us Scotch advocates, who are often very entertaining for a few days while the stories of circuits, judges, and juries last, but who in general become exceedingly tiresome when that stock, which soon runs dry, is exhausted.

He was struck by Miss Edgeworth's solid sense and sagacity, but complains of her deficiency in imagination and the more elevated qualities of mind:—

It is remarkable that, though she was a woman of strong religious impressions, there is scarcely any allusion to religion to be found in her writings; a peculiarity which arose from her desire to avoid the antipathies of sects, but which indicates an ignorance of the first principles of human nature; for to portray the heart without frequent reference to God, is like playing Hamlet without the character of the Prince of Denmark.

It was precisely because she was a woman of strong religious feelings that she did not parade her religion in her books. To say that the heart cannot be portrayed without frequent reference to God, is simply preposterous. He thinks her novels superior to those of Mackenzie, Charlotte Smith, or Miss Burney, but "imagination and genius reassessed their eternal superiority in the romances of Scott, Bulwer, and—James"! He says of Parr that "he was not merely a great scholar; he was also a powerful dialectician, an original thinker, an intrepid asserter of new and important truths." If this were so, how happens it that no one ever thinks of referring to any of his multifarious writings; that he is remembered only by his eccentricities, and two or three labored repartees in the manner of Johnson? The best was his reply to Mackintosh, who, after his own conversion by Burke, happened to say of O'Connor

(on his trial for high treason) that he could not have been worse. "Yes, Jemmy, he could have been worse; he *was* an Irishman, and he might have been a Scotchman; he *was* a priest, and he might have been a lawyer; he *was* a renegade, and he might have been an apostate." Another was his address to Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Blomfield, on a first introduction: "Mr. Blomfield, you are a young man; you have read a great deal; you have thought little, and you *know* absolutely nothing."

Hallam's powers of conversation are described as "consisting to a great extent of varied information, which is poured forth in a stream of easy and often felicitous expression. His defect is that he is too great a *parleur*, speaks incessantly, and follows rather the course of his own ideas and recollections than what is interesting or instructive to his auditors." There was some truth in this. When Hallam and Macaulay encountered, no one else could get in a word. Rogers, seated between them at a dinner at Lansdowne House, complained that they fought over him as if he was a dead body. Thiers, similarly situated, fell asleep. Yet neither Hallam nor Macaulay talked for effect. They talked because they could not help it: because their minds were full, and the pent-up knowledge must find vent.

It was by reading an account of the last days of Louis XVI., and the sufferings of the royal family of France, that Alison was induced to undertake his great work.

The King's Testament, in particular, appeared to me one of the most perfect commentaries on the Gospel which had ever come from the hand of man. My resolution was soon taken. I resolved to devote myself to the elucidation of the unbounded wickedness, the disastrous results of the French Revolution, and of the angelic virtues displayed by its principal martyrs.

The embryo history is not allowed to interfere with the growing work on population, in reference to which he incidentally remarks, that the capital error of benevolent people is in supposing that the poor are capable of as much foresight as themselves: "a mistake not quite so palpable, but almost as great as that of the French princess, who expressed her surprise in a scarcity how the people should be in such distress when they might live on *bread and cheese*." This is a new reading of the remark popularly attributed to the French queen.

The historian of Europe never misses an opportunity of associating himself with the historian of the "Decline and Fall." Gibbon states that his great work was conceived as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, on the 15th of October, 1764: that the last lines of the last page were written in a summer-house in his garden at Lausanne, on the 27th of June, 1787; that "his emotions were of joy on the recovery of his freedom, till a sober melancholy was spread over his mind by the idea that he had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion." Alison is equally minute as regards each of his publications. His book on population was brought to a conclusion on the 22nd of December, 1828. "It was at eleven at night, sitting in the drawing-room in St. Colme Street beside Mrs. Alison, that it was finished." His first feeling was "gratitude to the Almighty disposer of all events, for having given him health and strength to bring a work of such varied research to an end;" his next, that his principal duty in life was now discharged, and that he might henceforth treat literature as an amusement or relaxation. But his accomplished and sympathizing wife knew him better: she saw that intellectual activity was essential to his happiness; she told him that he could not live without writing; and in a day or two a feeling of melancholy, akin to that of Gibbon, stole over him. "After a week's rest, accordingly, I resumed my labors on a totally different subject, and on the 1st January, 1829, the first three pages of my 'History of the French Revolution' were written."

The alarming condition of the country in his eyes was his paramount motive for devoting all his energies to the work. Not only did distress very generally prevail, but the elements of resistance to change were destroyed in those classes where it had hitherto been most powerful. The revolutionary spirit (he says) had gained strength from the cold-blooded indifference with which the sufferings of the rural population for a great many years had been received by the political economists who unhappily had obtained the direction of affairs. "Impressed by these ideas, and nothing doubting that a political crisis was approaching, I relinquished, for the time, at least, all thoughts of publishing my 'Population,' and proceeded assiduously with the 'History of the French Revolution.'" The plan he adopted to shorten it as much as possible,

and give it an air of impartiality, is thus explained : —

I was too old a lawyer not to know the strength of a case depending chiefly on an opponent's testimony. Writers, especially in the *Quarterly Review*, when the work appeared, repeatedly objected to it, as being founded mainly on revolutionary writings, and not going sufficiently into the detail of original authority on the royalist side. *They did not see that this was the precise object which was aimed at, and which gave the work its success.* No one can read it without perceiving that its main design is to illustrate the danger of revolutions ; and yet I have the satisfaction of thinking that, though it has frequently been censured for being unduly favorable to the popular leaders and not sufficiently minute in its details of the horrors of the Revolution, it has never yet been stigmatized by the popular party as containing an unfair or exaggerated representation of their principles or actions.

We shall presently find him complaining that the *Quarterly* took no notice of his book. But whoever raised the objection to which he speaks, it was well founded. A party pamphlet may be written for a purpose or to establish a case. Not so a history, in which the narrative should be based on an impartial collation of authorities, leaving the readers to draw the conclusion for themselves. The historian, above all the historian who proposes to inculcate a moral of vast importance to mankind, must not play the advocate ; and it is strange that he should so far have mistaken his vocation, when he had well-nigh persuaded himself that his arrangements of events and division into periods had been providentially marked out for him : —

By steadily pursuing this object, and sometimes making the order of time in a certain degree yield to it, it is surprising how naturally the chaos of events arranged themselves in their proper departments, and how many well-defined periods appeared, affording natural resting-places. Indeed, so far did this go, that ultimately, when the work was well advanced, and its termination as it were within sight, the periods appeared so distinct, and the proper order so clear, *that I was almost tempted to believe that they had been purposely arranged in their course of occurrence by Omnipotence, in order to render the great moral lessons to be deduced from them more palpable to and undeniable by mankind.*

After a number of commonplace remarks on history and the rules for writing it, he proceeds with the air of one who was announcing a discovery : —

In the estimate and drawing of character, I proceeded on a principle which experience

through life had convinced me was well founded. This was, that men, when you really know them, are neither so good nor so bad as they are generally supposed to be, but that "characters of imperfect goodness" constitute the great majority of the human race.

I sought anxiously for, and discovered, many redeeming traits in the characters of Robespierre and Danton ; I found, and admitted without hesitation, traces of the universal corruption of humanity in those of Nelson and Wellington. I was not ignorant that this would expose me to much obloquy from those who are disposed to deify some men and make devils of others ; but I know that neither gods nor demons are now to be found upon the earth.

The first two volumes of the history were published in April, 1833, after the appearance of parts as feelers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which he was a constant and voluminous contributor. Blackwood gave him two hundred and fifty guineas for the first edition of a thousand copies. The book made its way slowly : the publisher's son, after the specimen copy had been sent round to the trade, reported that the subscription was "very poor ;" and the publisher informed the author, with manifest chagrin, that when he showed a copy to Lord Melville, "his lordship contrived to evade the purchase." On the other hand, Professor Wilson, with "that fearless generosity which is ever the accompaniment of the highest class of genius," spoke of the work in the most gratifying terms, in which he was joined by Lord Advocate Rae : —

For long this was the only encouragement I met with. Mr. Croker, to whom I had sent a copy, declined in distinct terms giving any opinion at all on it : he contented himself with saying that the opinion of the public would, ere long, be pronounced decidedly one way or other on the subject. The Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel simply acknowledged receipt of the copies ; Lord Aberdeen alone, of the statesmen who received copies, expressed the least interest in the undertaking, though *I wrote private letters explaining my views in the work to them all.* Such was the reception which the "History of Europe" met with from the Conservative leaders and the public. I was not discouraged ; I felt a secret assurance within me that my time would come.

The criticisms (he states) were simply contemptible, and for the first time opened his eyes to the value at which an author should estimate the praise or blame of critics : —

Incapable of entering into the spirit of a work of reflection or importance; immersed in commonplace thought or frivolous details; destitute of the information necessary to form an opinion on the correctness of facts, or the judgment requisite to appreciate the justice of conclusions, — they have yet sufficient vanity to deem it necessary to show their superiority to the author by criticising his production. Their only resource for doing so is to fasten on the style; which, as it lies on the surface, and is open to the observation of the most superficial eye, presents a fair mark for their shafts.

I sent copies of my first two volumes to the editors of the principal reviews, particularly the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*; but neither took any notice of the work. The former never reviewed it at all, nor ever mentioned it, except in a carping note or casual attack; the latter did not review the work till it was concluded, but it did so then, though with a fair amount of censure, in a liberal and honorable spirit. Considering that my History was a great effort made in favor of the Conservative cause at the period of its lowest depression; when the press almost universally had gone over to the Liberal or revolutionary side; and when the author by publishing it had of course precluded himself from all chance of professional promotion from Government, — I felt that this silence on the part of the *Quarterly* was unjust, more especially as the editor was an old personal friend.

He suspected at the time, what (he says) he afterwards ascertained to be the fact, that this was owing to Mr. Croker, "whose influence in the review was paramount, and who was chagrined at finding another taking out of his hands a subject on which he himself intended to write." If Mr. Croker meditated a book on the same subject, he would hardly have been deterred by the prior appearance of one composed on such a plan; and it never seems to have occurred to the disappointed author that the silence of the *Quarterly* was susceptible of a more charitable interpretation: that the old personal friend, not being able to say conscientiously what he would have wished to say of the book, adopted the least embarrassing alternative of not reviewing it at all.

The remainder of the year 1833, so far as time could be spared from professional avocations, was devoted to the continuation of the history, which was now entering on the military career of Napoleon. "This gave an interest to my labors which I had long hoped for, but never before experienced. It far exceeded what I had anticipated. Henceforth my work had got what I was aware it had previously wanted — unity of interest. . . . Napo-

leon had drawn all the events of the period to his person, as he had concentrated all the forces of Europe around or in opposition to his standards. The singleness of interest in Sophocles or Euripides was not more complete." In the course of his Continental travels he had visited most of the principal battle-fields, and made sketches of the ground. He had also a decided taste for military matters, and his descriptions of battles are marked by a graphic power and a spirit which make them the most attractive portions of his work. Indeed, the popularity which it eventually obtained was mainly owing to them.

During the whole of 1833 and 1834 he was writing regularly for *Blackwood's Magazine*, sometimes two papers a month. They were all on political subjects. He felt it impossible to expatiate on taste, literature, or poetry when the world was in a state of convulsion, when expectations of revolution were equally entertained on both sides; "on the one, with the most ardent hopes of a regeneration of society — on the other, with the most mortal apprehensions of its overthrow." It is new to us that society was in such imminent danger, so near its death-throe, in 1833 or 1834; but, be that as it may, he had worked himself up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and stood prepared to leap, like Curtius, into the gulf: —

I wrote according to my invariable practice through life, strongly, openly, and fearlessly; and I may say with truth, I was alike indifferent whether it was to lead me to the scaffold or the Bench. Judging from the past and the experience of other countries, I certainly thought the former was the more probable termination to my labors.

This recalls the speech given to Mackintosh in "The Antijacobin: " —

I expect the contest, and I am prepared for it. My services, my life itself, are at your disposal — whether to act or to suffer, I am yours — with Hampden on the field or with Sidney on the scaffold. My example may be more useful to you than my talents; and this head may perhaps serve your cause more effectually, if placed upon a pole at Temple Bar, than if it was occupied in organizing your committees, in preparing your revolutionary explosions, and conducting your correspondence.

It was in this exalted frame of mind that Alison made his first public speech as a politician, in June, 1834, at a dinner given by five hundred Conservative electors to a defeated candidate. He was

badly placed, and the circumstances were in other respects unfavorable to him :—

I was sustained, however, as on all other important occasions of my life, by a secret confidence in my own powers, which, without, I trust, producing any external display of it in manner or conversation, relieved me of disquietude. That calm conviction is one of the most valuable gifts of nature; for it removes equally the perturbation which may produce failure, and the vanity which may disfigure success. On this occasion it proved of the utmost service. When I stood up to speak, the greater part of the company, not knowing who it was, or if they did know, taking it for granted from the place given me that I was not worth listening to, were inattentive, or conversing with each other; and my voice, powerful as it was, could scarcely surmount the din with which I was surrounded. Before a few sentences, however, had been uttered, I saw the eyes of numbers fixed on me; the noise rapidly ceased, the heads were turned round, and in less than five minutes every countenance in the room was fixed on me, and no sound but my own voice was to be heard in the hall.

Not only was he rapturously cheered when he concluded, but when the chairman towards the end of the evening alluded to the speech, the company stood up and gave three vehement cheers. In reference to the British Association, which met at Edinburgh in September, 1834, he expresses a doubt whether it had been of real service. "Genius is essentially solitary; its home is the library or the fireside, not the assembly or the lecture-room. All great discoveries have been made by the unaided efforts of lonely thought." This is one specimen, amongst many, of his mode of weakening a borrowed maxim or thought by expanding or paraphrasing it. "Solitude is the nurse of genius" was the remark of Gibbon, who most assuredly was not thinking of the library or the fireside. He was alluding to Mahomet withdrawing from the world and "from the arms of Cadijah," for religious contemplation.*

On the accession of the short Tory administration in 1834, it was in contemplation to make Alison solicitor-general, and thus place him in the direct road to the bench, but the shrievalty of Lanarkshire, worth about 1400*l.* a year, falling vacant, he accepted it as offering the best chance of a permanent competency. He had no political or forensic ambition; and fixed official duty, he thought, might be so managed as to be rather an aid than a

hindrance to literary pursuits. "With the exception of one extraordinary man (meaning Southey)," says Coleridge in his "*Biographia Literaria*," "I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession, that is, some regular employment that does not depend on the will of the moment. Three hours of leisure, unalloyed by any alien anxiety, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion."

On the 12th of February, 1835, Alison removed with his family from Edinburgh to Possil House, near Glasgow, and about the same time appeared the third and fourth volumes of the history, bringing it down to the assumption of the imperial crown by Napoleon in December, 1804. These volumes were a decided improvement on the first two: the public began to recognize the book as a trustworthy repository of facts, which were to be found nowhere else in so accessible a shape: his industry and honesty of intention were beyond dispute, and the most carping critics could not deny the artistic skill and spirit with which the Napoleonic campaigns are dashed off. The grand central figure of the emperor stands out in broad relief, and he is brought vividly before us at the culminating point of his career, as he was seen by Béranger.

Un conquérant, dans sa fortune altière,
Se fit un jeu des sceptres et des lois,
Et de ses pieds on peut voir la poussière
Empreinte encore sur le bandeau des rois.

War was Alison's element, and this portion of his history was mostly made up of war. The fifth volume, bringing down the narrative to the conquest of Prussia in October and November, 1806, was published May, 1836. It was (he states) favorably noticed by the daily and weekly press, the leading reviews still preserving a stolid silence regarding it. A somewhat similar reception awaited the sixth volume, published in November, 1837, and coming down to the battle of Corunna. These volumes were completed in the midst of official occupation, of a sort which could hardly have left him the daily three hours of leisure required by Coleridge. Besides the judicial business requiring constant attendance in his court, the prosecution of crime, and the maintenance of the peace, in a county numbering four hundred thousand inhabitants, had devolved upon him under the most trying circumstances.

* Decline and Fall. Dr. Wm. Smith's edition. Vol. vi., p. 22.

In July, 1835, a mob had assembled at Airdrie, and were proceeding to acts of violence, when he started from the Glasgow barracks with a troop of horse, dispersed the rioters, and seized the ring-leaders. The inefficiency of the peace-officers on this and other occasions induced him to propose the establishment of a rural police, but in the obstinate resistance of the country gentlemen to the slightest sacrifice, he "beheld exemplified on a small scale the selfish disinclination of the French *noblesse* to taxation, which was the difficulty that Louis XVI. never could overcome, and was an immediate cause of the Revolution."*

The consequence was that, when the formidable cotton-strike of 1837 occurred, the civil power was hopelessly incapable of grappling with it. The colliers and miners followed the example of the cotton-spinners, and altogether there were upwards of fifty thousand persons out of work and banded together in open defiance of the law. The new hands hired by the masters were brutally assaulted: fire-balls, and other combustibles, were thrown at night into the mills: and at length John Smith, a new hand, was murdered (shot through the back) in the street by the men employed by the united cotton-spinners, without one of the numerous eye-witnesses of the crime venturing to interfere or give evidence. The situation at Glasgow strongly resembled what was recently seen at Dublin. A reward of 500*l.* was offered for the discovery of the persons implicated, and on the 25th of July (two days after the murder) Alison received secret notice that two persons would give him important information if he would meet them alone in some sequestered place. He met them accordingly in a vault under one of the public buildings in the College of Glasgow, to which they were admitted by a back door through the College green.

The information they gave proved in the highest degree important. They concurred in deposing that the secret committee of the cotton-spinners had determined to assassinate the new hands and master manufacturers in Glasgow, one after another, till the demands of the combined workmen were complied with; that Smith, assassinated on the preceding Saturday, had been selected as the first victim, and a master manufacturer, whom they named, was to be murdered the next; and that

lists, which they exhibited, had been made out of the successive victims, including the most respectable manufacturers in Glasgow. They added that, on the Saturday following, the 29th, the general committee were to meet at the Black Boy Tavern in the Gallowgate, and described how he might gain access to the apartment, which was a concealed one. Being satisfied from their manner and from collateral knowledge that they spoke truth, he sent instructions to Captain Miller, the head of the police, to have twenty policemen ready at nine o'clock on Saturday, without giving any intimation of the service on which they were to be employed, but mentioned that he (Alison) would join him at that hour. Armed only with the large walking-stick which he generally carried, he met the police at the mouth of the Black Boy Close, where he stationed four men, with instructions to let no one in or out.

Having reached the tavern, the remaining sixteen men were stationed round it, twelve at its front and four at the back, with orders to seize any one attempting to escape; and Mr. Salmond, Captain Miller, Mr. Nish, and I, entered the house. We found the description of it to tally precisely with the account we had received, so that we at once knew where to go. There was a trap-door in the roof of the chief room below, up which we ascended by a movable wooden stair or ladder, and reached the floor above, where we expected to find the committee. Captain Miller entered first, followed by myself, after whom came Mr. Salmond and Mr. Nish. We found the whole committee, sixteen in number, seated round a table in consultation, with a large quantity of money spread out before them, and only one light, which, from a gas-burner descending from the roof, illuminated the apartment. Having found the persons we wished, I instantly returned down the trap-stair, and brought up eight of the police, whom I stationed on the outside of the door, and re-entering, went into the centre of the room, and stood under the gaslight to prevent any one from advancing to put it out. I then looked round, and saw that the committee were so astonished and panic-struck that no resistance would be attempted, though they were in the room four to one. In effect, Captain Miller, while I stood in the centre of the room, called out the name of each member of the committee, and beckoned him to go out. They all obeyed, were linked on the outside to the police, and marched away, with all the papers found in the apartment, to the police office, whither I accompanied them and made out warrants for their committal, which was carried into execution immediately.

* In his History he says that Voltaire and Rousseau, and the national vices, were the true causes of the Revolution.

This timely display of coolness, cour-

age, and vigor, broke up the combination. It brought upon him a torrent of threatening letters, which he threw aside. "I knew that it was impossible for a person so much engaged in business as I to guard against private assassination, therefore I made no attempt to do so, but walked about as usual, both in the day and at night, with nothing but my large walking-stick in my hand." He appeared as a witness before the Combination Committee of the House of Commons in March and April, 1838, when his examination occupied five days, at the rate of four hours a day. O'Connell and Wakley took the lead, and exerted all their powers to weaken the effect of his testimony. "On one occasion, when he had described the habits of the combined operatives, Wakley asked, 'Pray how do you know their habits? do you associate with them?'" "No," he replied, "Mr. Wakley, I do not; but I am sorry to say they are often obliged to associate with me; for there is hardly a day in which some of them are not brought in civil or criminal business before me, in the course of which their habits and proceedings are immediately brought to light." On another occasion, when he had said that he felt it his duty to proceed against the combinations in order to protect the industrious men exposed to their violence, Wakley interrupted him by the question, "And pray, sir, who constituted you their protector?" "King William IV.," he replied, "when he made me chief magistrate of Lanarkshire; and whoever may abandon their duty to the poor, I hope it never will be the officers of the crown." After this Wakley desisted from further attempts of the kind, and they afterwards became very good friends. When the examination was over, he came up and made a handsome apology, adding, "The fact is, sir, you would be a devilish good fellow if you were not such a confounded Tory."

His principal encounter with O'Connell was provoked by questions as to the probable effect of education in ameliorating the habits and diminishing the vices of the working classes. On his expressing great doubt whether education would do more than turn human depravity into a different channel, O'Connell said, "Then, Mr. Alison, you don't agree to the sentiment of the poet,—

Didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

"Yes," he replied, "I do agree to it. You will observe the poet says, 'nec sinit esse

feros;' he does not say, 'nec sinit esse *pravos*.'" Assuming that the reading of the lower classes will be always of a deleterious and demoralizing tendency, the inevitable inference is that they had better not be taught to read at all; and Alison virtually agreed with the oracle of the hunting-field,* who said that the sole result of teaching the people to read and write seemed to be to enable the servant girls to read their mistresses's letters, and idle boys to chalk ribaldry on the walls. The only education Alison would allow the masses was religious education, to be kept entirely free from secular and (we presume) to be carried on orally. When asked how they can be improved mentally or morally without education, he replies, by suffering—"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." He forgot that if the French peasantry before the Revolution, whose ferocity he dwells upon, could have been improved by suffering, they would have been the mildest peasantry upon earth.

His essay on "The Principles of Population" was published in June, 1840. It was received (he says) by the daily press with favor, and "many of the ablest journals of a literary character did not hesitate to affirm that Malthus's doctrines had at last met with a decisive refutation." If they had taken the trouble to study those doctrines, they might have come to a different conclusion. The first edition of Malthus's famous essay, published in 1798, is a rare and curious book: the larger portion of it having been superseded and suppressed.† It was especially directed against Godwin's and Condorcet's doctrine of the perfectibility of man. The argument was, that population when unchecked goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years, *i.e.* goes on increasing in a geometrical ratio: whilst subsistence only increases in an arithmetical ratio. Thus, in a little more than a century the population of the British Isles would exceed five hundred millions, and in another

* Mr. Meynell, the "great" Mr. Meynell. Another quaint remark of his is quoted by Johnson, who, annoyed by the idle talk of some foreigners at Slaughter's Coffee-house, turned to Boswell and said: "Does not this confirm old Meynell's observation—*For anything I see, foreigners are fools*?"

† An Essay on the Principle of Population as it affects the future improvement of Society: with Remarks on the Speculations of Mr. Godwin, M. Condorcet, and other Writers. London, 1798. In one of the suppressed chapters, he says: "I should be inclined to consider the world and this life as the mighty process of God, not for the trial, but for the creation and formation of mind; a process necessary to awaken inert chaotic matter into spirit; to sublimate the dust of earth into soul; to elicit an ethereal spark from the soul of clay."

twenty-five years would equal or exceed the entire population of the habitable globe. Constantly pressing on the means of subsistence, it is only kept within bounds by misery and vice.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,

Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?

Why then a famine or a pestilence? But apparently frightened at the imputation of impugning the beneficent designs of Providence, Malthus, in his second and all subsequent editions, admitted the action of another check which did not come under the head of misery or vice. This is the moral check; the prudential restraint which prevents people marrying by the fear of lowering their condition in life or of not being able to provide for a family. This admission weakened the case against Godwin and Condorcet, to whom it was open to reply that the moral check would be in full force in the virtuous community they contemplated; but the essay was not the less valuable in directing attention to the popular fallacy, that the mere multiplication of the species, without regard to circumstances, is a good. Far from denying, Alison distinctly affirms the principle, which, he contends, is met and neutralized by the fundamental law of nature (already mentioned), that the labor of one man's hands is more than adequate to his own support. *Therefore*

mankind can never want food. As well say that it is a fundamental law of nature that one tailor can make coats, waistcoats, and breeches enough for ten. *Therefore* mankind can never want clothes. Is it a fundamental law of nature that every man who is ready to cultivate land should have it, and that every man who is ready to labor for his daily bread should be found work? If so, we are coming dangerously near the "*Droit au Travail*" of Louis Blanc, and the "*La Propriété, c'est le Vol*" of Prudhomme.

Alison has accumulated a mass of statistics to prove that the evils of over-population arise from "the errors, the follies, and the vices of mankind," all of which, he maintains, might be prevented by wise legislation or by a change of habits in the people: if, for example, the Irish would leave off living on potatoes and the Hindoos on rice. But so far Malthusians would go cordially along with him. Where they would part company would be when he proposes his specific remedies; one of which is a legal provision for the poor sufficient to relieve them from the worst

privations and conscious degradation of pauperism. This, he thinks, would inspire them with a spirit of independence and prevent the spread of pauper habits. He would have commended the Berkshire overseer who, during the enquiry which led to the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834, met the commissioner with a smiling face, saying: "You will find nothing wrong here: we give our paupers four good meals a day."

In his concluding chapter, he puts forth all his strength to prove that the productive powers of the land are inexhaustible, and that, if the land should fail, there remains the sea. "Those who are alarmed at the possibility of a geometrical increase of human beings compared with the extent of the terraqueous globe, would do well to consider the rate of multiplication of the finny tribe compared with the boundless surface of the sea." They may also take comfort from what is silently going on "beneath the glassy wave," "amidst the verdant slopes and sunny isles of the Pacific:"—

While man in the old world is pining under the miseries which his wickedness has created, or, speculating in the strength of his intellect on the supposed limits which the extent of the globe has imposed to his increase, an insect in the Pacific is calling a new world into existence, and countless myriads of happy animals are laboring to extend the continents over which, in the fulness of time, his more enlightened and grateful race is to extend.

Neither of the principal reviews so much as mentioned the book, and he "failed to discover in subsequent systematic works on the subject many traces of its having made any great impressions." One impression it left was that his strength did not lie in abstract reasoning; he gives us declamation for argument; his logic bears to his rhetoric about the same proportion that Falstaff's bread bore to the sack; and the "Mr. Wordy" of Lord Beaconsfield stands confessed.

The "Essay on Population" did not materially interfere with the continuation of the history, the ninth volume of which, completing the work as originally designed, appeared in June, 1842. Blackwood suggested that the publication should take place on the 18th, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; to effect which it was necessary that the whole of the manuscript should be out of the author's hands by the 7th. On the morning of the 6th, notwithstanding his

utmost exertions, the whole battle and the second taking of Paris remained to be written, and he had only twenty-four hours left.

Being determined if possible to come up to time, I began on the last day of my labors in a very business-like manner. I got my secretary (Mr. P. T. Young, a most valuable and faithful friend) out to Possil at ten in the morning of the 6th June, and began to dictate the Waterloo campaign. With the exception of twenty minutes that dinner lasted, I dictated without intermission till three next morning, when Mr. Young was so tired that he could write no more. Upon this I sent him to bed, and sat down myself and wrote till six, when I reached "the last line of the last page," being the description of the second interment of Napoleon at Paris, ending with the words, "No man can show the tomb of Alexander." I went up to Mrs. Alison to call her down to witness the conclusion, and she saw the last words of the work written, and signed her name on the margin. It would be affectation to conceal that I felt deep emotion at this event. The words of Gibbon when he concluded his immortal work in the summer-house at Lausanne, which I had long known by heart, recurred to my mind; not with the foolish idea that my work for a moment could be compared to his, but that it was one of as great labor, pursued with as much perseverance, and which had been the source of at least equal pleasure. I unbarred the windows, and looked out upon the park. The morning was clear and bright; an unclouded sun shed the bright light of summer on the turf and the trees; and the shadows of their leafy masses, stretching before his yet level rays, cast broad bars of shade athwart the green expanse. After gazing on the scene for some minutes, I retired to rest too much excited to sleep, and lay in a delicious trance, revolving the past and dreaming of the future.

In his account of the battle thus hastily written and crowded with inaccuracies, he did not hesitate to assert broadly and positively that Blücher and the duke were out-generalled, out-maneuvred, and surprised. This statement is repeated in the autobiography, with the addition "that the stroke told the more keenly because it was secretly felt to be just" — which it certainly was not. The only plausible foundation for it was, that the allied generals did not concentrate their forces until they knew in what direction they were to be assailed. "It was the duke's design, deliberately formed, not to move a man till the plans of his opponent should develop themselves."* Alison stands

self-refuted on the essential point. In proof of the duke's being taken unawares, he says: "And for that very night, the 15th, he had accepted, and allowed his staff-generals to accept, invitations to a great ball at the Duchess of Richmond's in that city (Brussels)." Two or three pages further on, we read that authentic intelligence of Napoleon's movements was received at half past four, that "orders were immediately despatched to the troops in every direction to concentrate at Quatre Bras;" and that, after the orders had been sent off, "he dressed and went with characteristic calmness and sang-froid to the ball at the Duchess of Richmond's, where his manner was so undisturbed that no one discovered that any intelligence of importance had arrived." The object in suffering the ball to go on was clear. As for Blücher, there is no pretence for saying that he was surprised.

The moment the last volume was completed, Alison began preparing a new edition of the entire work for the press, and he takes credit for correcting many admitted errors, such as mistaking *timbre* (stamp) for "timber duty." Unluckily he had a parental affection for his style, which induced him to leave it pretty nearly as it stood, and it was not spared by critics, who, he says, in other respects were kind to him. One obvious mark for their shafts was his strange misapplication of borrowed images, as when (laying Gray under contribution) he tells us that "it is not while fanned by conquest's crimson wing that the real motives of human conduct can be made apparent:" or when (subjecting Milton to a similar process) he likens Goethe to "a cloud which turns up its silver lining to the moon:" or when (taking the same liberty with St. Paul) he turns tinkling cymbal into tinkling brass, and thus ruthlessly perverts the metaphor:—

All the *springs* which the world can furnish to sustain the fortunes of an empire were in full activity and worked with consummate ability; but *one* was wanting, without which, in the hour of trial, all the others are as tinkling brass—a belief in God, a sense of duty, and a faith in immortality!

Are these three one, or do they constitute a spring? Provoked by Trulliber's want of Christian charity, Parson Adams exclaims: "Name not the Scriptures." "Not name the Scriptures?" replies his brother parson; "do you disbelieve the Scriptures?" At the risk of a similar

* Gleig, "Life of the Duke of Wellington," p. 257. The question of surprise is fully discussed in the *Quarterly Review*, Vol. 70, No. for Sept., 1842.

retort, we must enter a grave protest against Alison's frequent and misplaced appeals to the Deity, to Omnipotence, to Providence, to the divine Disposer of all things, etc. etc. "Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus." They are worse than Carlyle's Immensities, Eternities, and Sublimities; for, to many well-constituted minds, they border on profanity. When Allan (afterwards Mr. Justice) Park, in his address to a jury, kept calling God and Heaven to witness, he was interrupted by Lord Ellenborough: "Pray, pray, sir, don't swear in that manner here in court."

As a specimen of the moral platitudes that are forced upon us at every turn in the history, take the historian's reply to the enquiry, what the king, the nobles, the *tiers état*, or the people could have done to avert the catastrophe: "Every man possessed that within his own breast, the dictates of which, if duly attended to, would have saved the nation from all the calamities that ensued. All classes might have done their duty; and if so, the good providence of God would have rewarded them, even in this world, with peace, and freedom, and happiness."

Although he writes professedly to give a solemn warning and inculcate a practical lesson, he tells us, almost in the same breath, that both warning and lesson may be predestined to prove vain.

It would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, an universal frenzy seizes mankind: reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded, and the very persons who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.

What is still more alarming, signs are not wanting that

suggest the painful doubt whether there do not lie, smouldering beneath the boasted glories of British civilization, the embers of a conflagration as fierce, and a devastation as widespread, as those which followed and disgraced the French Revolution.

In January, 1845, he wrote and sent to Blackwood a long and elaborate essay on the currency and the pernicious effects of Sir R. Peel's monetary system. Blackwood refused to insert it in his magazine, but agreed to publish it as a separate work, and it appeared accordingly under the title of "England in 1815 and 1845; or, a Sufficient and Contracted Currency."

The stroke told. In various passages of that work I had described in emphatic and too prophetic language the dangers by which the present system would be attended; and I can

now look back on the accomplishment which my predictions so soon received. Sir R. Peel, who rarely took notice of any arguments adduced, or opinions delivered, out of the walls of Parliament, did me the honor to quote a passage from this work in the House of Commons, on July 24, 1845, not a week after it was published, which he deemed particularly worthy of reprobation, and concluded, amidst the cheers of the bullionist majority in the House: "And this is the philosopher who is to instruct us in the currency!"

He says he was highly gratified by this circumstance, which most of his friends thought would be a source of mortification. He recollected the words of Johnson: "Sir, I never was satisfied with an argument till I heard the rebound; then I knew it had told." He had a happy knack of turning unfriendly expressions into compliments. He was rather gratified than otherwise with the "little attacks" of the *Quarterly*, when he remembered the remarks of Racine on being told that the critics had spoken ill of one of his works. "So much the better: the bad works are those which are not spoken of at all." He had another point of contact with Racine. "After having been closeted two hours with the Duke of Orleans, who expressed himself altogether charmed with his conversation, Racine, in answer to an enquiry what he had talked of to give so much pleasure, replied: 'Talked of? I assure you I did not speak five words the whole time.'"

One day whilst Miss Strickland was on a visit to the Alisons, she was closeted for two hours with the historian, and expressed herself so charmed with his conversation that his wife asked him what he had been saying. "Saying? with truth I assure you, I did not say six words to her the whole time." The coincidence is remarkable.

Some of his dinners during his trips to London were well worth commemorating. There was one at Mr. Milnes's (Lord Houghton), where he met Carlyle, Mr. Gladstone, Hallam, and Whewell. "The two last were the great interlocutors, and they had a hard struggle for the precedence. Their talk was always able, and often instructive; but the constant straining after effect soon became tiresome, and led to the too frequent sacrifice of truth or sense to antithesis or point."

Carlyle said less, but what he did remark was striking. Speaking of Queen Victoria, who had shortly before ascended the throne, he observed: "Poor queen! she is much to be pitied. She is at an age when she would

hardly be trusted with the choosing of a bonnet, and she is called to a task from which an archangel might have shrunk." Again, the conversation having turned on Goethe, and some one having expressed surprise that he did not, like Körner, take an active part in the war of deliverance which was shaking the world around him, Carlyle remarked: "It is not surprising he did not do so; you might as well expect the moon to descend from the heavens and take her place among the common street-lamps."

Another party, at Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's, comprised Lord Stanley (the late Lord Derby), Sir James Graham, Mr. Frankland Lewis, Mr. Hallam, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and several others. Here the conversation was superior to anything he had ever heard in Scotland, but it was too forced. "Mrs. Alison said, when we returned home at night, it was like a 'horse-race of talent;' and such in truth was its character. Every one was striving to say something more terse, more epigrammatic, more sparkling than another; and as all could not be original or profound, the forced sayings or failures greatly preponderated, and left on the whole a confused and unpleasant impression on the recollection." It is difficult to imagine Sir James Graham, with his practical good sense, Lord Stanley, with his sparkling vivacity, or Lady Charlotte Lindsay, with the fine vein of humor inherited from her father (Lord North), engaged in a "horse-race of talent."

The same impression was produced by a party at Mr. and Lady Mary Christopher's, where they met Lady Lovelace (Ada) and several bishops and leaders of the bar. There, too, where we should least have expected it, they found a continual straining after effect. Sir Walter Scott makes the same complaint of a dinner at Rogers's, where the weak voice and caustic tone of the host checked the flow of mind, and no one (except Sydney Smith) ever talked without restraint. April 17, 1828: "Dined with Rogers with all my own family, and met Sharp, Lord John Russell, Jekyll, and others. The conversation flagged as usual, and jokes were fired like minute-guns, producing an effect not much less melancholy." On the 18th Sir Walter breakfasted with Joanna Baillie, and met the Bishop of London (Howley), Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, and other dignitaries of the Church. On the 26th he dined at Richardson's, with the chief barons of England and Scotland: "Far the pleasantest day we have had yet. I suppose I am

partial, but I think the lawyers beat the bishops, and the bishops beat the wits."

Amongst the distinguished guests at Possil House was Dickens, who spent two days there, and delighted a large party by the suavity of his manners and the brilliancy of his conversation.

I proposed a vote of thanks to him for the favor he had done the Athenæum (Glasgow) by coming down from London for the occasion (to preside at a *soirée*), and endeavored, in a few sentences, to characterize and select the brilliant points of his writings, which gave general satisfaction, and was the more surprising as I was very little acquainted with them. I never had any taste for those novels, the chief object of which is to paint the manners or foibles of middle or low life. We are unhappily too familiar with them: if you wish to see them you have only to go into the second class of a railway train, or the cabin of a steamboat. Romance, to be durably interesting or useful, must be probable but elevating; drawn from the observation of nature, but interspersed with traits of the ideal.

This canon of criticism would apply to Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith, as well as to Dickens. If you wished to see Partridge and Strap, you might have seen them in a barber's shop; or if you wished to make the acquaintance of the Primrose family, you might have found them in some rural vicarage. The canon would be equally fatal to the Dutch and much of the English school of painting. Another distinguished guest was Lord Shaftesbury.

He told me a remarkable anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, which he had from the lips of his Grace himself. During the voyage out to India in 1797, he studied incessantly the recent History of British India, to qualify himself for taking a part in its wars; but when he took the field he had only two books with him—the Bible and Cæsar's Commentaries.

The continuation of the history, from 1815 to 1852, was suggested by the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, which the author felt a strong desire to incorporate in his work, regarding it as a striking illustration of his (and Hume's) theory, that government by popular force can terminate only in the government of the sword.

Regarding as I did the military despotism of Louis Napoleon as the natural result of the democratic convulsions of 1830 and 1848, free trade as a symptom of the first step in national decline, and the contraction of the currency and its entire dependence on the retention of gold by the Bank of England, which

free trade had rendered impossible, as the main cause of the national suffering since the Peace, I could not possibly write a work which would at the moment be popular.

He notwithstanding began the "Continuation" on January 1, 1852, and finished the first chapter in six weeks. "It is, in my opinion, the best I ever wrote, from being a *résumé* of the principles of my whole work, and the result of the thought and study of a lifetime." As his principles were antagonistic to those of the rising generation, he expected to be rudely assailed, but confesses that he was "taken by surprise by the violence of the Liberal press, which formed a striking contrast to the indulgence, approaching to favor, with which my former work had been received." He accounts for this alteration of tone by the disappointment of the Liberals and Peelites on finding that an author "whose works had had a considerable reputation," still stood to his guns, and insisted on opening the campaign anew against all the changes, political, social, and commercial, which they had introduced since the peace. Coming to particulars, the critics objected to the work that "there was no originality or genius in its pages; that when not palpably erroneous, it consisted of mere truisms or platitudes; and that a pedantic desire to display learning was conspicuous throughout."

They were unjust if they carried their animosity to this extent, for the "Continuation" had much of the merit of the original work, and was equally appreciated by the public for its fulness of information and clearness of narrative: at least, when the author kept his rhetorical faculty within bounds. But he had no longer a central figure like Napoleon, nor a central country like France, to compel unity of design or form a connecting link between the boundless variety of subjects that fell within his range. There were fewer battle-fields (on which he shone) to describe, and his treatment of civil transactions is more frequently marred by his (in Baconian phrase) prejudicate opinions, not to say prejudices. Whenever he comes to a commercial crisis or difficulty at home or abroad, he refers it to contracted currency, and shows how it might have been prevented or alleviated by an unlimited supply of inconvertible paper money. He disserts with wearisome prolixity six or seven times on this subject, and, to show his tendency to repetition, we have only to refer to his Table of Contents, *eg.*:—

Vast Effect of the discovery of California Gold. What if California had not been discovered?—Vol. I., pp. 36, 37.

Great Effect of the discovery of the gold mines of California and Australia. What if the case had been otherwise?—Pp. 64, 65.

As one instance amongst many of his ill-placed display of learning, may be cited the introduction of two pages of Livy in Latin in the account of a Peninsular campaign. He thought proper to enrich the "Continuation" with summaries of European literature. In the chapter on German literature he describes Oehlenschläger (a Dane) as the best representative of German nationality, and rolls the two Schlegels into one, to whom he attributes both the "Philosophy of History" and the "Lectures on Dramatic Art."

"On January 1, 1859, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with Lady Alison sitting by my side, I had the satisfaction of writing the last line of the last page, being that day seven years from the day when it was commenced, and that day *thirty years* since the first page of the first volume of the original series had been written." The circulation (he states) was immense: the foreign sale exceeded one hundred thousand copies, including reprints at Brussels and in America, with translations into German, French, and Arabic. In fact, no grave work could compete with it in these indications of popularity, except perhaps Mr. Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," which (we learn from the author) has been translated into six or seven languages, and read in every part of the habitable globe. As Johnson said, on finding his Dictionary at a country house,—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

Immediately on Lord Derby's accession to office in 1852, he sent Mr. Forbes Mackenzie, a lord of the treasury, to Alison, to state that there was no one in Scotland to whom the Conservatives were more indebted: that all the Cabinet were conscious of it; and that Lord Derby wished to recognize his services and merits in the way most agreeable to himself. After declining legal preferment, he was created a baronet (June 6, 1852), and soon afterwards the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford on Lord Derby's becoming chancellor. It was arranged that the men of rank or political eminence who were to receive the degree should be installed on the first day, and the literary and scientific

recipients on the second. In the evening of the first day, Alison and Lady Alison were at tea in their hotel, when Sir Edward Bulwer, who fell within the second batch, suddenly presented himself and began: "Well, Sir Archibald, what are you going to do? I am off in the first train for London. I never wanted any of their d—d degrees; it was their own doing sending for me, and I am resolved not to submit to the slight now put on us. What! to think of postponing such men as you and me to a parcel of political drudges, who will never be heard of five years after their death. The thing is intolerable! I hope you are not going to submit to it." Alison pointed out to him that no slight was or could be intended; that so far from it, the reservation of the men of intellect for the second day might be regarded as a compliment. "It is all very well," answered he, "for you cold-blooded historians to think so, but we of a lighter turn feel otherwise. I shall certainly go off to-night." By degrees, however, he became mollified; and consented to remain to be installed next day, and go with them to Blenheim on the day following. He went with them in an open carriage, and they found his conversation extremely pleasing, as it always was during the closing years of his life, when his reputation was established, and his constitutional irritability was commonly kept in check. He invariably talked his best, as did his brother Henry (Lord Dalling), and both were fond of topics that led to thought and brought mind in contact with mind.

Talking of the estimate women formed of men, I said: "I think women know a handsome man when they see him; but they don't know a clever one, or at least one of a superior mind." He thought a little, and then said: "They know a famed man, but not a superior one; they don't discover talents till they have been acknowledged by men." I have often since mentioned this opinion of his to superior women, and they always have vehemently denied it: but I am convinced that it is well founded.

We regret to be obliged to pass over most of Sir Archibald's many striking and discriminating sketches of celebrated contemporaries, male and female, but we must find room for his remarks on Mr. Gladstone, which do credit to his sense of fairness and powers of appreciation, considering how diametrically opposed they were on every important question of the day. He is speaking of a party at Keir in 1853, including Mrs. Norton, Sir Rod-

erick Murchison, Sir Henry Rawlinson, etc.

But its principal attraction was Mr. Gladstone, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who for good and for evil has now left his name indelibly impressed on the tablets of his country. I had been acquainted with him when he was a young man, and he had dined once or twice at our house in St. Colme Street; but I had not seen him for above twenty years, and in the interval he had become a leading Parliamentary orator and a great man. I was particularly observant, therefore, of his manner and conversation, and I was by no means disappointed in either. In manner he had the unaffected simplicity of earlier days, without either the assumption of superiority, which might have been natural from his Parliamentary eminence, or the official pedantry so common in persons who have held high situations in the State. In conversation he was rapid, easy, and fluent, and possessed in the highest degree that great quality so characteristic of a powerful mind, so inestimable in discoursing, of quickly apprehending what was said on the other side, and in reply setting himself at once to meet it fairly and openly. He was at once energetic and discursive, enthusiastic, but at times visionary. It was impossible to listen to him without pleasure; but equally so to reflect on what he said without grave hesitation. He left on my mind the impression of his being the best discourses on imaginative topics, and the most dangerous person to be intrusted with practical ones, I had ever met with.

After observing his turn of thought for three days, especially in conversation with Mrs. Norton and Lady Alison, who kept him admirably in play, I formed in my own mind the measure of his public capacity, and was not surprised at the perilous measure of finance on which he at once adventured when soon after intrusted with the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The value of Sir Archibald's opinion on finance may be inferred from his declaring Pitt's Sinking Fund worthy to rank, as a scientific invention, with the discovery of gravitation, the printing-press, and the steam engine. The monetary crisis of 1861 gives him the opportunity he never fails to grasp of inveighing anew against the repeal of the usury laws and the evils of a contracted currency, which a benighted public can never be brought to understand:—

If any attempt is made to explain it, they say it is too difficult a subject for them, and they don't understand it. Meanwhile, realized wealth, with the glittering prospect of eight or ten per cent. before its eyes, and thoroughly understanding the subject, quickly buys up the shares of the leading journals, gets the com-

mand of their columns, and then employs the ablest writers to support its interests, and run down any one who attempts to oppose them. This despotism is the more formidable, because it is one of the most irremovable which in the changes of society has come to be imposed by man upon man.

He speaks in the most exalted terms of Lord Palmerston, some of whose speeches he places on a level with the best specimens of oratory in the language.

In one respect, which has come in these times to be a matter of no insignificant importance, he is, if Lord Derby is excepted, without a rival among the public men of the day. As an after-dinner orator, and in the faculty of turning aside an argument or question which he does not know well how to answer, he is perfect. No one knows so well how to turn an argument with a joke, or defend himself by a happy thrust at his adversary. This power, so rare in public men, can be attained only by a combination of admirable temper with great quickness of apprehension and felicity of expression, and with a thorough knowledge of the audience to which the pleasantry is addressed. Of this faculty his allusion to "that unhappy rapid movement at the Bull's Run" is one of the most fortunate. Lord Derby is equally happy in this branch of oratory, and both display it alike in Parliament, on the hustings, on the platform, and in the genial atmosphere of the banquet. It is a remarkable circumstance, characteristic of the extent to which our institutions have become popularized since the passing of the Reform Bill, that the popular faculty which Pitt or Fox would have despised, which Chatham would have spurned, and Burke condemned, has become one of the most effectual passports to power, and the one in which these two alternate Prime Ministers pre-eminently excel.

This popular faculty was as much appreciated in the old House of Commons as in the new. Lord North had more of it, and of a finer sort, than either Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston. So had Canning. Chatham did not disdain a joke when he fixed the epithet of "Gentle Shepherd" on George Grenville: nor did Pitt despise Sheridan for comparing him to the angry boy in "The Alchemist." Ready wit and humor always were, and always will be, most effective weapons in debate. The reformed or popularized assembly is by no means wanting in fastidiousness, as Lord Palmerston discovered when, as occasionally occurred to him towards the commencement of his premiership, he was hurried beyond the bounds of good taste. When he tried to turn the laugh against Mr. Bright by referring to him as "the reverend gentleman,"

a murmur of disapproval ran through the House.

Alison was justly proud of his sons, and the passages relating to them are full of interest. Through them he is brought into frequent communication with Lord Clyde; the youngest was Lord Clyde's aide-de-camp, and the eldest his military secretary in India. On Lady Alison's expressing a fear that the youngest would run wild from idleness, "My dear lady," said Lord Clyde, "an aide-de-camp has but one thing to do in peace, and that is to make love to his general's wife: now I have no wife; therefore my advice to him is to make love to every pretty girl he sees."

In 1852 Sir Archibald "received a very pleasant mark of kindness, in a unanimous and spontaneous election as a member of the 'Literary Club,' held in the Thatched House, St. James's Street: the successor or continuation of that which Johnson and Boswell have rendered immortal." The same kindly feeling, he states, caused him to be elected by acclamation a member of the Athenæum Club. He was elected by the committee of the Athenæum Club, which does not elect by acclamation; and he might surely have ascertained that the Literary Club of which he speaks was not "The Club" of Johnson and Burke.

His "Life of Marlborough," constructed out of seven articles contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, was, he admits, very faulty. "Details were wanting; important events were slurred over, or slightly referred to; those picturesque touches which give life to a narrative were in a great degree wanting; and the absence of a systematic reference to authorities deprived it of great part of its value." These defects were supplied in a subsequent edition, and it now ranks as the most readable of his works. The "Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Charles Stewart, Marquesses of Londonderry," was the last of his publications. "On the 27th of July, 1861, sitting in the library at Possil with Lady Alison, the faithful partner of my labors, my joys, and anxieties, I wrote 'the last line of the last page,' and finally laid aside my historic pen."

This book was a failure, although a vindication of Lord Castlereagh from the popular charges against his policy may be collected from it. Our great northern contemporary hardly exaggerated the general verdict in declaring that it was neither a biography nor a history, but a sort of

hybrid production, without the interest or merit of either.

During the American Civil War, he warmly sided with the Confederates, not on the familiar ground that they had as much right to separate from the Federals as the United States to separate from Great Britain, nor from a lurking wish that the great republic would break up, but because they were fighting for slavery, a "condition of national existence." He talked the matter over with Mr. Mason, the Confederate commissioner, and they agreed that, as the lands of the South could not be profitably cultivated without negro labor, and the negro would not work if he was free, this settled the question. The negro's feeling were no more to be consulted than those of Charles Lamb's sucking pig, when the question turned on whether its flavor would be improved by whipping.

In August, 1849, Sir Archibald was honored by a royal command to pass two days at Balmoral.

In the evening she (the queen) called me aside, and conversed with me above an hour in her drawing-room. I am perfectly aware of the prestige which attends royal condescension, and the brilliant colors which it lends to what, under other circumstances, would appear ordinary conversation; yet, making full allowance for that, I am convinced that no one could have heard the queen's conversation on this occasion without being extremely struck by its talent. Her Majesty spoke chiefly of the early history of Scotland, and was very inquisitive about the battles of Stirling, Falkirk, Torwood, and Bannockburn, and the ground on which each was fought. I described the localities as well as I could, and she promised to observe the places the next time she passed in the railway. When I mentioned the singular circumstance that *both* armies at Bannockburn were commanded by her ancestors, the one being led by Edward II., the other by Robert Bruce, she said: "It is so; but I am more proud of my Scotch descent than of any other: when I first came into Scotland I felt as if I were going home." Soon after the conversation turned upon Queen Mary and Elizabeth, and she said, "I am thankful I am descended from Mary. I have nothing to do with Elizabeth."

But we have reason to know that this report of his conversation with the queen is quite inaccurate.

"Before finally taking leave of the reader, there are two observations which I deem it material to make, and in which the young are deeply interested." The

first is the importance of fixing early in life on some one object of pursuit. "I have been singularly prosperous in life, to a degree beyond most of my college companions and early friends; but yet, on a calm retrospect, I cannot think either that my natural abilities or accidental advantages were superior to many of theirs. I ascribe the success I have met in many ways to nothing so much as singleness of purpose and perseverance, and in that I certainly was superior to the generality of men." This is true as regards perseverance and industry, although hardly so as regards singleness of purpose. The great end, he continues, that he proposed to himself through life was to oppose the erroneous opinions which since the French Revolution, and in consequence of it, had overspread the world. He forgets that his first grand mission was to demolish the Malthusian heresy, and that it was only when this mission was fulfilled, that he began the history, as a relaxation, at the suggestion of his wife.* Malthus's essay was directed against the visionaries of the Revolution, whose part Alison unconsciously took in replying to it.

The other observation which he is anxious to impress is, "what Cicero puts into the mouth of the elder Cato—that old age is the happiest period of life. It is so, because we have then outlived the desires which are at once the spring and the torment of former existence." This observation has been anticipated by many: amongst others, by Fontenelle, Buffon, and Gibbon, who qualifies it by adding, "I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life."†

Sir Archibald Alison lived five years after the termination of his autobiography—a striking example of his theory, a happy old man, beloved and respected, blest with all that which should accompany old age, proud of his family, proud of himself, confident, in a double sense, of immortality. He died after a short illness on the 23rd of May, 1867.

* *Ante*, p. 459.

† *Life*, Milman's edition, p. 305. "The proportion of a part to a whole is the only standard by which we can measure the length of our existence. At the age of twenty, one year is a tenth, perhaps, of the time which has elapsed within our consciousness and memory: at the age of fifty it is no more than the fortieth, and this relative value continues to decrease till the lost sands are shaken by the hand of death." This is what he means by the abbreviation of time.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A SINGULAR CASE.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Bill awoke, the morning sun was climbing high, and the two strangers were gone. Startled and chagrined, he sprang to his feet with exclamations so vigorous that they speedily awoke his drowsy comrades.

"What's the matter?" asked Putterton sleepily.

"Matter! — matter! — matter!" shouted Bill, in a rage; "we've bean duped and drugged, thet's wat's the matter. Damn my eyes, wat a fool I wur not to see through the game! Bill Chloride drugged an' played by a pair o' duffers like them! It's too damn bad!"

By this time Putterton and Winmore were both on their feet rubbing their sleepy eyes, and great was their consternation at finding the sun up and the strangers gone. The first care was to examine everything to see what had been carried off, but they could discover nothing missing. All was apparently just as they had left it the evening before.

"At any rate," said Bill, "it wur fortunate I hed the description an' map under my head. But they could ha' looked at it after all, fur I'll bet we slep like iron dogs wen thet liker took effect. They don't often git ahead o' me, boys, but they did this time sure. Thet Irish chap played his part wal — let's see which way they went." He struck the tracks of their horses in the road and followed them some distance across the brook in the direction of Bigtree Camp, then he came back.

"Did they go toward Bigtree?" asked Winmore.

"Yes," he replied; "an' how air the animals?" he asked at the same time of Putterton, who had been out to look for them.

"They are grazing quietly in the hollow beyond that little knoll."

"Strange as the devil," said Bill. "Wat kin them fellers be up to anyway? I can't see it at all."

"Don't know," said Putterton, "but it looks as if they were studying us and our movements for some purpose of their own."

"Wal," Bill remarked decidedly, "we can't find out nothin' by standin' yer gabblin' 'bout it. Le's sling up some hash an' be off. We'll cover our tracks, so't if they try to foller us they can't do it."

Breakfast over, they packed and started. Taking to the smooth-bottomed brook, where it crossed the road, they followed up its shallow bed for half a mile or more; then they left it, and struck in the direction of the trail to the Bighorn Pass. This trail was not a travelled one, and was consequently very faint; but Bill knew the way well without it, and they went on quite rapidly, ever and anon crossing the brook, which had covered up their tracks below. At one o'clock they were high above the valley by the headwaters of the little stream, where, amidst the dense pines, cedars, and cottonwoods in a deep ragged ravine, they stopped for a mid-day camp. They ate a cold lunch, while the animals filled themselves with the fresh grass. The journey up the steeps was then resumed. Bill and Putterton continued to discuss the strangers and their actions, but Winmore was lost in his surroundings, and found fresh marvels at every step. He was journeying through what was to him a veritable wonderland. The rocks, the trees, the mountains, filled him with admiration and delight. When at length they were climbing up in the pass toward the summit, and the mighty snow-clad rocks on each side shot far up into the heavens, and they could see back over Rubyville away to the snowy ranges of the north, he was amazed.

"Ah, young feller," said Bill, who noticed his wondering looks, "jest wait till yer eyes light on t'other side, an' they'll pop out, I'll bet."

"Didn't you say we would camp to-night at a great height?"

"Yes; we'll jest git over the summit and down on t'other side, whur we kin camp on a leetle terrace below timberline. We can't make the next water to-day nohow, an' we might es wal camp airy. Besides, the animals is tired with the climb."

They pushed on to the summit, and Winmore's eyes did "pop out" when he obtained his first view of the *terra incognita* beyond. The high cliffs on the right or the north side of the pass shut off the view in that direction, and a steep slope on the left cut it off to the south-east, but to the whole west and south-west all was clear, and he was fairly stunned by the bewildering magnificence of the panorama. Below him — apparently miles below him — stretched away into the distance, lost in the afternoon haze, a vast sea of broken country, that appeared to his unaccustomed vision totally impenetrable — a wild ragged labyrinth of confused cliffs,

peaks, valleys, cañons, mountain-ranges — all silent, all solemn as the tomb. It seemed to him as if he were on the threshold of an enchanted world, that lay in its deathlike tranquillity waiting for some living human being to step within its boundary and break away the spell. At length they reached the spot on the mountain-side where Bill had said they would camp. It was a level place, of an acre or two in extent, and forth from the background trickled a small spring of clear, cold water that was caught in a rocky basin and held prisoner, to find its way downward through some unseen and unknown crevice.

The packs were thrown off, and when the animals had satisfied their thirst, they fell to cropping the long and abundant "bunch-grass." It was still early, and no efforts were made to adjust the camp; but all three went out upon a rocky promontory and gazed off into the wonderful maze beneath.

"How's that, young man?" exclaimed Bill triumphantly.

"It is glorious beyond description," replied Winmore.

"You're right," said Putterton; "no one could appreciate this view from a description. I mean, no verbal or pictorial account could render it as it is — as it impresses one on the spot. But that is the case with all grand views, I suppose."

"See," said Winmore, "as the shadows deepen they give an additional weirdness to the scene, making it seem rougher and more impenetrable if that is possible. And those pretty mourning doves, as you call them, fluttering back and forth, uttering their melancholy call, how they appear to be actually mourning! The whole air seems to be laden with mystery and sadness."

"I'm mighty fond o' this yer section, boys," observed Bill, "an' specially o' them leetle doves. Wen I hear 'em mournin' an' wistlin' about, an' the sun is rollin' down inter the west as it is now, it teches my ole heart somewers, an' it don't 'pear quite so dry as usual. There's lots o' the purty things down to the Glen."

"Oh, by the way," said Putterton, "the sound of the word recalling the place, 'where is the Glen?'"

Bill stretched out his long, thin arm, and pointed toward a very dark part of the landscape.

"Ye see whur that black ridge comes down an' seems to end in that black cañon."

"Yes."

"Thet black cañon, I believe, are Horseshoe Gap. Ye can't see the Glen from yer, o' course."

"That's a good way from here. I thought you rode up from the Glen in less than a day," said Putterton.

"Wal, so I did. The Glen air 'bout thirty mile from yer; but I started airy, an' it ain't nothin' fur ole Doc to carry me sixty mile in a day. He's a tough cuss, an' hard to beat."

"Well, for one, I don't wonder that no one found the Glen. What seems strange to me is, that this Burnfield found it. I don't see how it is possible to get about at all in such an upset country," asserted Winmore.

"Oh, it's easy 'nough wen yer used to it. But the Glen's no easy place to find; an' ef I hedn't stumbled on it, it'd bean a long time 'fore it wur found. Those fellers, ye see, can't foller us ef we kin onc't lose 'em down thur; an' I reckon they won't come this way fur several days yet, if at all. Wen we've bin over yer a-prospectin', wich hes not been often, we've allus kep to the north'ard, 'cause the region to the south didn't look invitin'; an' from the character o' the croppin's, we thought thur wur no chance fur min'ral in that direction. Ye see, we was mistaken; fur right thur in the Glen's a totally different stuff, all by itself. But come, le's fix camp now, an' git supper: it'll be dark 'fore long, it's cloudin' up so. But you set thur, Winmore, an' take it all in; me an' Put'll fix things."

Winmore declined, however, to let any one do his share; but while he was assisting at the preparations, he turned his eyes frequently towards the west, where showers were falling, and great masses of clouds were creeping about, stretching long, dark bars miles across the horizon. The sun, dipping behind these, was lost to view for a time; and when it appeared again through a rift, it was like a mass of molten iron burning its way downward, its bulky shape twisted and distorted as it melted and dropped through one cloud-mass after another, setting the edges all aflame. As it almost reached the horizon, it burst forth full and bright, flooding the landscape with a dazzling glow for a few minutes, and then plunged out of sight.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Winmore, who had stopped to watch it. "I don't know anything that is more radiant and beautiful than a gorgeous sunset like that."

"You'll see lots of them here; for this is the very home of the grand in nature," said Putterton.

"I'm glad of it," Winmore returned; "for there's nothing that thrills me with more pleasure than just such sunsets as that — so golden and glorious!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE morning was chilly and grey. Heavy clouds were flying low and lingering about the mountains, and occasionally there was a little dash of rain. The landscape, though not so weird as in the sunset light, looked even more wild and forbidding. Nature appeared to be frowning upon the enterprise of Bill and his companions. Had they been superstitious, they might have thought so, or that the gods who ruled this silent realm were marshalling the forces of nature against them. But they were all too practical to entertain such ideas, and pushed their way on into the wilderness with all possible speed. Bill led the way as usual, and tried to follow the course he had pursued in coming away from Horseshoe Gap; but he found it difficult, as the Gap was often lost sight of for hours at a time in some of the cañons and valleys which they were obliged to traverse, and he had to direct his course by the sun, of which he had only now and again a fleeting view. His great experience in mountaineering, however, enabled him to follow the general direction by a kind of instinct. All day long it was up hill and cliff, and down again, — now over a cedar-covered plateau, and anon deep in the recesses of a sombre cañon; but the footing for the animals was generally firm, and the caravan was able to move along at a fair rate of speed. Night, therefore, found them within ten or twelve miles of the Gap, which was in plain view from the camp, beside an exceedingly diminutive spring — the only water they had seen since early morning. The next day, as they drew near the Gap, the character of the geology began to change quite suddenly. There was more limestone, and hard, peculiar limestone it was too. Winmore, who was something of a mineralogist, began to take more notice of the rock-structure, and to keep a look-out for "indications," as they had yesterday kept a look-out for springs. Bill declared he believed the region would prove very rich, judging from appearances — that it might prove even better than the Smoky Hill district itself.

"I didn't stop to look fur leads wen I come out o' yer, but I've seed several places this mornin' that I feel certing would pan out well. Ef Burnfield's mine

ain't much good," he said, "I think we kin strike suthin' anyways."

By noon they were at the mouth of the Gap, but they did not stop for a rest, as they proposed reaching the cabin first and terminating their journey. The narrow cañon looked decidedly forbidding as they rode into it. The walls were of black gneiss, and after the brilliantly colored sandstones they had been passing through, this gneiss looked particularly sombre. There were signs of water in many places; and they even saw several very good springs from the trail. Presently they came to a narrow rift in the left-hand wall, which Bill informed them was the gateway to Glen Ellen. It was a natural gateway indeed, and as Bill had remarked, was at one point very narrow, — so narrow, that the pack-mules could barely squeeze through. The bottom was the dry bed of a stream, and was covered with boulders of various sizes, making progress very tedious, and compelling even the mules to exercise unusual caution in choosing their footings. Suddenly, however, the walls broke away to the right and left, and merged into the higher portions of the surrounding mountains, and Ellen Glen in all its spring array of glory lay before them.

As Winmore caught sight of it he gave a wild shout, and threw his hat high in air, waking the echoes and startling the mules.

"By the holy smokes!" he shouted enthusiastically, not stopping to explain what the "holy smokes" might be, "that's just the sweetest spot on earth!"

"It's 'bout the purtiest valley I ever see," said Bill; "an' I've seed a good many," he added.

"I hear the sound of running water," said Putterton, who had been silently drinking in the view.

"You're right," said Bill; "it's the creek yonder as it plunges down to the pool."

"But how in the world does it get out of the pool?" inquired Winmore.

"It probly has an underground outlet — a common thing yer. Ye see it don't run through the narrers 'cept wen it's high water. Ef ye keer to ride out to the right a hundred yards or so, ye'll see the pond thur," said Bill.

Winmore rode out to the right. It was only a few minutes before he came to the brook tearing its furious course down over the mossy rocks to a large pool or lakelet, which looked black and deep, and which extended to the base of the cliffs through

which they had just come. He was delighted with the sight, for it suggested trout; and a suggestion of trout to a fellow like Winmore, who had been subsisting on bacon and bread for three or four days, was exhilarating, to say the least. His eyes twinkled with delight as he gazed down into a clear pool amidst the rocks, and saw several noble specimens resting motionless midway between top and bottom. He hastened to rejoin his comrades, who by this time had almost arrived at the cabin. When he overtook them, they had halted before the somewhat dilapidated structure.

"Bill thinks we can fix up this old place in an hour or two, so that it will be almost as comfortable as ever, and it will be a convenient shelter from the storm."

"Yes," added Bill; "the storm air goin' to break on us 'fore long—to-night or to-morrer, I should say; an' ef we kin make the ole shanty tight, we kin keep dry, an' let her storm."

The clouds, which had been irregular and scattered, were now covering the sky almost in one mass, which appeared to grow darker and darker every minute. The air was colder and a high wind was blowing, on which there sailed about, uttering their shrill cry, several lonely-looking gulls. In spite of the beauty of the valley, there was a deep solemnity about the scene, shadowed as it was by the approaching storm, and accented by the shrieks of the gulls, that caused the newcomers to feel uncomfortable. Perhaps the kind and quantity of electricity in the atmosphere just before a violent storm has a strong effect on human nerves, exhilarating some persons and depressing others, and filling still others with an unaccountable feeling of dread, contrary to their better judgment. However that may be, Winmore especially felt a peculiar sensation, which was entirely new to him. He had never before in his life been out of sight of a house for so long a time; and it was a relief to him when his companions asserted their intention of instantly renovating the old cabin. The packs were quickly thrown off, and the animals went to rolling and kicking in a most energetic manner, so much pleased were they to be once again free. A close inspection of the house proved that it was not so much dilapidated as it at first appeared to be; and before supper-time it had been thoroughly cleaned, the holes in the roof patched up, and the door and window-shutters readjusted. Indeed, it was in such complete order, that the

new occupants might easily have deluded themselves with the idea that, like Aladdin's palace, it had burst forth at their wish. Wood was brought from a pile close by which Burnfield had left; and it was soon cheerfully crackling in the huge fireplace, sending a warm glow of light into every corner. In that dry climate it had lost little of its substance by decay.

"I think we'll catch it to-night," observed Bill, as he stood in the doorway looking at the clouds while his bread was baking in the Dutch oven. "Yes, I think we'll catch it to-night," and he swept the sky once more with his keen eyes.

It was indeed fortunate for them that their first care had been to fit up the cabin and make it habitable; for as darkness set in, the rain began to fall, first in a steady drizzle, and then in flying torrents. They watched the roof. A few drops came through, but the cabin remained dry and comfortable, for the first time probably in many long years.

"One thing," said Bill, "this yer storm will do fur us, an' thet is, wash away our tracks—an' them deuffers then can't foller us to save their necks."

"That's so," said Putterton; "there's no danger of their intruding on us now. But I feel like an interloper myself. Here we are enjoying this snug cabin, with Burnfield's tables, chairs, fireplace, and even his dishes,—and God only knows where the poor devil himself is. I feel as if he or his ghost might step in at any moment and demand by what right we have taken possession."

"Yes; it's too bad the original possessor isn't here," said Winmore. "And yet if he were, we might not be."

Bill was sitting on a chair, tipped back in the corner nearest the chimney, sending great clouds of smoke from his pipe, and gazing rather contentedly into the fire. He looked up and said,—

"Wal, fur my part, I feel very much to home yer—feel as much to home as ef I belonged yer. I s'pose it's cause I've bean yer afore," and he went on smoking and studying the fire.

The creek, which ran close by in its rocky bed, swollen by the torrents from the sky, now added the loud roaring of its troubled waters to the general howl of the storm.

"It must have been a lonely place here after all, for old Burnfield, on a night like this," said Winmore.

"Wal, I dunno 'bout that," said Bill; "some fellers like that sort o' thing. I know I do. I like to be off in the moun-

tings alone wen it's stormin', specially wen the thunder's crackin' an' boomin' 'mongst the peaks. Yes, a tearin', howlin' storm's a wonderful fine thing."

"Very true. There's a certain element of grandeur about it; but it's such a terrific and uncomfortable grandeur, such an incomprehensible grandeur, that it is apt to overawe the ordinary spectator," said Winmore.

"Yes; but it lifts a feller clean away from this yer footstool o' ourn, and gives him some idee o' the forces 'at sling 'emselfes about in space. I believe thet's wat ye call the outside parts we don't know nothin' about," exclaimed Bill, with enthusiasm.

"That's the medium in which matter exists," Winmore replied to the latter part of Bill's observation.

"Mighty quar," said Bill, "thet space goes on forever an' ever, an' no beginnin' an' no end. Thet's too much fur me, thet idee is."

"Too much for any one, Bill," remarked Putterton. "We can't even think of the beginning of matter, and that, you know, is said to be finite."

He had scarcely finished speaking when there resounded close to the cabin a wild and unearthly scream, as if the ghost of Burnfield was about to burst in upon them and annihilate them.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Winmore, starting instinctively towards his rifle.

"It's nothin' but the screech o' a mounting lion," said Bill. "Dunno wat he's doin' round yer at this time in the wet—probly on the scent o' our cookin'. Fire yer gun if ye want to—it'll skeer the damned cuss—but fire high, so's not to hit the horses."

Winmore opened the door and fired a shot into the wild blackness of the night. The report was scarcely audible, even in the comparative quiet of the cabin.

"Won't he trouble the animals?" asked Putterton.

"Not likely to," said Bill.

"And won't they leave us in this storm?" inquired Winmore.

"No. Old Doc'll stay by us whatever happens, an' the mules won't leave him. But it's time to go to bed," and Bill began to divest himself of his superfluous clothing. The others followed his example, and the storm was quickly forgotten in pleasant dreams.

For two days the tempest continued in full violence, and they were unable to leave the cabin for the purpose of explo-

ration. On the third day, however, the sun was seen several times, and on the fourth the sky was cloudless and brilliant.

"Now," said Bill, "we will investigate a little, and see wat we have yer."

They started out accordingly to see what could be found. Not far away was the smaller log structure which Bill had spoken of in his narrative as the forge and tool-shop. It would no doubt still be serviceable, as few things had been much damaged. They did not linger over it, but attempted, with the aid of the papers, to find the trails. This was a matter of more difficulty than they had anticipated, for the map and descriptions were none too clear, and the trails were very obscure. When they finally discovered them, and followed them a short distance, it was plain their juncture with the valley had been intentionally disguised. The principal trail, indeed, had no special starting-point in the glen, but was reached by various routes over an expanse of broken and flinty basalt. It developed, however, into an exceedingly plain and well-constructed path that had not been built without an immense amount of labor. How Burnfield could have done it alone was incomprehensible to them.

"This man Burnfield had a genius for work," said Winmore, as they were returning over the trail.

"That's so," said Putterton; "and a genius for doing things right too."

"He wur an exact feller—he wur,—an' thet's wat I like about him," said Bill; "he wur no slouch."

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER lunch they took the main trail, and followed it towards the mine. Wind-ing around the crags and cliffs, it led them by an easy route several hundred feet above the cabin, and then descended into a small and peculiar basin, the existence of which would scarcely be suspected even from the trail a few hundred yards away. The path entered it through a steep and narrow gulch, which was the outlet; and in its bottom a tiny brooklet, that found its source in the secluded vale, murmured its way downward, to plunge a short distance below over a high precipice. It was almost a miniature Glen Ellen, except that not a single tree or shrub interrupted the luxuriant meadow that swung from cliff to cliff. Its greatest length was no more than three hundred yards, and the investigators were able to view the whole expanse of the dale at a glance. They saw nothing but a pretty

nook enclosed by insurmountable cliffs, and looked about hardly knowing which way to turn, thinking, for a moment, the trail must have been led in here to throw unwelcome and inquisitive persons off the track. For they had concluded, from the fact that not a single fragment of ore was found at the cabin, and that the trail in its beginning was so carefully hidden, that Burnfield had not been without his fears of possible visitors, and was anxious, should they discover him, to prevent them from finding out the true cause of his isolated life. But it was only for a moment that Bill was baffled, for his keen eyes quickly saw signs of a "dump"* on one side of the vale—the same side as themselves, but higher up. It was not much that he saw, but it was enough to give him a clue, and he hastened to follow it up. They hurried past a projecting point of cliff, and saw beyond a semicircular alcove. In this alcove at the foot of the wall, and some twenty-five or thirty feet above them, was an excavation.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Winmore; "there it is!"

"Very likely," said Bill, who had by this time reached the foot of the dump, and was examining it; "yes—very likely."

The cliff here rose perpendicularly, but at its base was some twenty-five or thirty feet of talus, and it was just where this talus began that the excavation was made. There was a path up the talus still to be distinguished, and the three elated men were not long in clambering up to the top of the dump. Then they stood before William Burnfield's mine. It was an exciting moment. Here was the principal object of their search. A mine. But what kind of a mine? A true fissure-vein in its prime; a worked-out claim; or a feeble scattering of "indications," on which, perhaps, the man Burnfield's hopes had been wrecked? There are mines and mines. Was this one with rich ore enough in sight to make it valuable—priceless? They all three fervently hoped it was, as they lit their candles and prepared to enter. A few minutes more and their hopes might be realized or dashed to the four winds. They proceeded with a bold step, examining every foot of the way. It could not be very extensive, and yet there was an antiquated look about everything that seemed to augur extensive working, and consequently great depth; but Bill

remembered that the dump, though large, was not extraordinarily so. He stopped finally before some aged-looking timbering, and regarded it intently.

"Boys," he said, almost solemnly, "them thur timbers is a damned sight older than the cabin down yonder. They's older'n any house in the Smoky Hill district, or Bill Chloride ain't no jedge o' the way wood wears in this yer kentry."

"But how could they be?" said Winmore.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Putterton suddenly, "could it be possible that Burnfield stumbled on one of those old Spanish claims?"

"Thet's it—jest as sure as fate," said Bill. "Somehow or nuther he got on the track o' this yer mine—ole Spanish claim—an' he jest made tracks up yer to work it hisself, all alone—thet feller, boys, wur no fool;" and Bill examined some of the timbers more carefully.

"Ye see, boys," he went on, "Burnfield, ef he built thet thur cabin, didn't never do no such bungling work as this—not him. Spaniards—Spaniards—them's the chaps as did it. Damn my eyes, but this is quar—wy, this yer drift must be more'n two hundred year ole; no wonder it looks kind o' grimy an' shaky."

"Must be," said Putterton. "I remember now, once when I was south—down in New Mexico—hearing a fellow talk about a wonderful mine that the Spaniards had worked a long, long time ago. He said a friend of his had some papers describing it, but the most important of all the directions for getting to the locality had been lost, and every one thought his friend was lying, because he couldn't find the place. He hunted several months for it in some mountains down there, and finally had to abandon the thing entirely; and I'll bet this is just the very place. What luck!"

"Yes; I've heerd 'bout Spanish mines an' all thet—an' I allus thought thur wur suthin' in it too, fur them chaps roved over these yer hills a good deal. They wur reglar dare-devils. They's no mistake 'bout this—it's a heap older'n Burnfield, an' it must therefore be Spanish, fur no one else hes ever bean yer."

It seemed, indeed, to be the only explanation. Burnfield had in some way discovered an old claim which had been worked by the Spaniards, who, it was well known, had early penetrated far into the interior. And now here was a third party discovering it over again. At first

* A "dump" is the mass of refuse matter which accumulates at the mouth of a mine.

thought it appeared even stranger than it actually was. Considering how many times the whole American continent has been discovered over again, it was not such a startling thing that a mine on that continent should be discovered and rediscovered.

"We're going down very fast," said Putterton, as they followed the steep incline. "I'm afraid there'll be water at the bottom."

"Very likely," said Bill, who was slowly groping his way in the lead, stopping occasionally to examine the "hanging-wall."

"We must be in seventy-five feet or more," said Putterton.

"Very likely," remarked Bill, who had that moment stopped short, and was holding his candle high above his head, paying little attention to his companion's remark.

"What is it?" inquired Winmore.

"A chamber," answered Bill, and he stepped forward into a larger part of the excavation. The chamber was twenty feet, at least, in diameter, and extended upward so far that the light of the candles scarcely penetrated to the end.

"Stopping," said Bill laconically.

"What's 'stopping'?" asked Winmore.

"It's working upwards on a vein," explained Putterton.

"Boys, this is whur they struck the true fissure-vein."

"That's a good sign," remarked Putterton.

"Yes," replied Bill, who was now on the verge of a cavity extending almost directly downward. They had taken the precaution to bring the pack-ropes with them, and as each was about thirty feet long, a descent of some ninety feet could be made. An old windlass stood over the hole with a rope on it, but they did not dare trust it.

"Now, boys," said Bill, "I'll tie this yer rope about me, an' you two fellers'll let me down, d'ye see?"

"Yes," said Putterton. "But why not first pull up this rope on the old windlass, and see how long it is?"

"A good idee — capital," exclaimed Bill; and in a few seconds the rope was pulled up and measured. It was not more than two-thirds as long as one pack-rope — not much more than twenty feet.

"If that goes to the bottom, they didn't get fur on the down tack, did they?" said Bill, adjusting their rope about him.

"Perhaps it's so rich they didn't need to dig much," suggested Putterton.

"Why, demme, yer's a ladder!" exclaimed Bill in astonishment, as he was about to descend. "I'll try the ladder, boys, an' you kin hold her taut, so ef it breaks, I won't fall," and down he started. The ladder seemed still to be strong as ever. It was made of cedar — and cedar lasts almost any length of time in that climate. Bill reached the bottom sooner than he expected. The windlass-rope was evidently longer than necessary, for he was down not more than fifteen feet. He threw off his rope, and Winmore and Putterton waited impatiently for the result of the investigation.

"What do you find?" asked Putterton. "Water?"

"No; an ole shovel, some ole drills, sledges, and sich truck, the last feller — Burnfield — must ha' left, intendin' to come back soon. He hed set off a blast jest 'fore leavin', fur yer air all the pieces. Wal, may I hev to eat my boots if this" — he paused, as he cut deeper with his knife into a fragment he held in his hand — "ef this yer ain't a hunk o' pure horn silver! — ef it ain't, demme!"

"Three cheers for the horn silver mine!" shouted Winmore. "Let's go down, Put."

"All right," Putterton answered; and one after the other, they half climbed and half tumbled to the bottom.

"Yer's the vein," said Bill, who had been scraping aside the *débris*, — and as he spoke he scratched a dark metallic substance with his knife.

"Why, it's nothing but lead!" exclaimed Winmore, feeling that Bill had deceived himself in the candle-light.

"Thet lead, my boy, is chloride o' silver, and is at least eighty per cent. pure metal; thet's the kind o' lead thet is."

"Indeed!" said Winmore; "then this must be a very rich mine."

"Rich! I should say so. It's the biggest thing o' the kind I ever heard of."

"Then we're all right," said Putterton.

"It's queer there is no water down here. Ah! I see; the shaft is just on the line of a fault, and the water finds its way down through the fracture. You see everything is wet; there must have been considerable water during the last storm. We can work the thing without fear of being drowned out." He then examined the vein more closely, and pronounced it as Bill had done, — the richest thing of the kind he had ever heard of. They selected some specimens of ore to take out into the daylight, and then climbed up to the level again, and looked about

the chamber. Offshoots of the vein had been followed here to some extent, and they had no difficulty in tracing them. The whole mountain seemed to be honey-combed with silver, and they were more than ever delighted. They discovered some strange old tools, which must have been left behind by the original workers. More of Burnfield's implements, also, were found at the end of the dump. It was evident that this latter individual had left the mine with the full intention of returning. Why had he not come back? that was the question. Standing on the dump, and looking down to the ground at the right-hand side, they observed two objects which had been overlooked in their eagerness to enter the drift. One of these was a very small cabin, and the other they could not at first understand. On descending, however, they found it to be a furnace for the reduction of the ore. Several heaps of charcoal were beside it, and there was a pile of rich fragments of ore ready to be melted down. The house was much more dilapidated than the one in the Glen. It had been constructed more carelessly, and was doubtless only a shelter for tools. There was no door. They entered and found it to be as they had anticipated, only a tool-house. There were coils of fuse, some candles, drills, iron kegs of powder, ropes, and other paraphernalia necessary in mining.

"We could go to work this minute if we wanted to, for here are all the necessities," observed Putterton.

"Things are rather rusty, though," said Winmore, "and I would be astonished if that powder is still worth anything."

"Those are heavily lacquered kegs," returned Putterton, "and they don't appear to be rusted much. They are well corked, too. I believe the powder is all right yet. But we don't want to test it just now, anyway. I think we ought to search for some further clue to this man Burnfield. The mine can wait. I'll stick up a notice of our claim to provide against emergencies. There is so much work done on the mine that no one can jump our claim anyway," and he wrote out a notice, "We, the undersigned," etc., etc., and fastened it on a stick at the mouth of the excavation.

"Let's go down and look for ole Burnfield then," said Bill.

"Why not go back by the 'short cut,' if we can find it?" suggested Winmore.

"A good idea. It must start out where the other trail does. Let's see," and Putterton pulled out the map and examined

it. "Yes," he said, "it seems to leave the vale at the same place as the other."

When they came to it they understood its character in an instant. The limestone strata dipped in the direction of the Glen, and if one of the ledges along the cliffs could be followed, it would be certain to lead down to the valley. Burnfield's "short cut" was simply one of these ledges which he had discovered he could traverse. The short cut at first zigzagged its way down across the strata for forty or fifty feet, and then conducted them along a flat projection with an easy incline, where walking was by no means difficult.

"I don't see anything dangerous about this," said Winmore.

"Yer not down yet," observed Bill sententially.

When they were still about sixty feet above the valley, they came to the difficult part of the trail. The face of the cliff they were following became smoother, and the ledge they were on grew correspondingly narrow, till they were compelled to choose footings with great care. Then came a rounded buttress, and the ledge melted into it and ended. There appeared at first to be no chance of going further. But they saw that a single foot-place had been rudely cut in the rock, by means of which the mountaineer might step over the smooth, sloping buttress on to the ledge which, on the other side, again offered a fair footing. Putterton, who was ahead, stepped it easily, — there was in reality nothing difficult about it to a cool-headed person, and all three of these men usually were such.

"What's the matter, Bill?" said Winmore anxiously, as Bill, who was just ahead of him, stopped and leaned for support against the cliff. He was pale, and looked so weak, that Winmore hastened to support him. The trail at this point was fortunately wide enough to afford firm footing, and Winmore had the satisfaction of feeling that he could prevent Bill from falling, even if he fainted. But Bill had no intention of fainting. He smiled as he saw Winmore's anxious face; and to Putterton's question as to whether they needed assistance, he shouted "No."

"It's nothin', my boy," he said calmly. "Leastwise, I dunno wat it wur — never had it afore. I felt 'most as ef I wur a-fallin' through them trees thur," pointing to some pines whose tops reached almost to the buttress before them; "kind o' weak like, ye know, in spite o' myself. It's all gone now. We'll go on." And

he walked ahead, quietly stepped round the buttress, and continued down after Putterton.

The next two days were spent in searching the whole neighborhood for some additional clue to Burnfield. They clambered into the most inaccessible places — hunted high and low — to the east, to the west, — but no trace could they find, save just below the difficult part of the "short cut" trail, at the base of the cliff, a small tin pail, such as might be used for carrying a luncheon. It was battered and rusted, and firmly wedged in between some stones. The branches of two pines had been somewhat broken down, as if by some heavy weight, and had grown in an unnatural position.

"Perhaps the poor fellow fell from the trail one day as you came near doing, Bill," said Winmore.

"I wouldn't 'a fell, my boy," Bill explained.

"His bones would be here," said Putterton, "and there's no sign of a bone."

The search was finally given up. They concluded that Burnfield's fate was a sealed book.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE store of powder and tools was transported to the little hut in Silverdale, as Winmore called it, and the hut itself was patched up to serve till a better one could be built. The windlass, the ladder leading into the shaft, — everything that needed it, in fact, was repaired and reconstructed, to serve till the mine had been worked for a time, when it was intended more complete arrangements should be made.

"Is that the way you drill?" said Winmore in some surprise, when he first saw Bill and Putterton working. Never having seen any hand-drilling, it was a novelty to him.

"That's jest the way," Bill answered.

"It's easier than I thought," remarked Winmore. "It makes me think of that 'crowbar case' to see you drilling," he added.

"What crowbar case?" asked Putterton.

"You don't mean to say, Putterton, you never heard of it?"

"That's exactly what I do mean to say. If you know so much about it yourself, you might enlighten Bill and me on the subject."

"Well, I will, then. Brain cases always have a special interest for me for some reason or other, and perhaps that's why I

know of this one and you don't. It seems, a young fellow in a quarry somewhere East, was tamping a blasting charge in a rock, with a pointed iron bar over three feet long. I think it weighed about thirteen pounds. The charge exploded, and shot this bar, point first, through the man's head, entering at the jaw. It was picked up covered with blood and brains."

"He was killed instantly, of course?" said Putterton.

"No, he wasn't killed at all. He was stunned for a moment; but not an hour afterward he walked up a long flight of stairs, and talked intelligibly about his wound. For a long time they thought he would die, but he got well, and lived more than twelve years."

"Oh, come now," said Bill, "thet's a leettle too much; draw it a leettle milder."

"It's true, every word of it," insisted Winmore.

"H'm!" said Bill.

"You fellows don't seem to believe it," said Winmore.

"We believe you believe it, my dear fellow, but we must know your authority."

"I've forgotten the authority now, but I assure you it was unquestionable."

"Well, didn't the man turn out to be something intellectually extraordinary after the accident?" asked Putterton sarcastically.

"No: for previous to his injury he was considered a remarkably shrewd and energetic business man; but after it he was capricious, obstinate, and could not be trusted."

"A most curious thing, I must say," remarked Putterton.

"There are others very similar," said Winmore, "but none so extraordinary as this."*

"Wal, I don't expeeriment in thet direction, you kin bet," observed Bill.

Fortunately no accident whatever occurred in the mine, and the work went on uninterrupted for several days. One afternoon, when it was growing late, and Bill was preparing to put in a charge, he suggested that it would facilitate matters if Putterton and Winmore would return to camp before him, and start the arrangements for supper, and he would follow as soon as he had finished. They therefore left him, and went down. They lighted a

* For a further account of this remarkable case, refer to *American Journal for Medical Sciences*, July, 1850. "Recovery from the passage of an iron bar through the head," a paper read by Dr. Harlow before Massachusetts Medical Society, June 3, 1868: Boston, 1869. "The Localization of Cerebral Disease," by David Ferrier, M.D., F.R.S.: London, 1878.

fire, brought water, baked bread, and at length had the meal all ready and waiting. Putterton went to the door, and gazed in the direction of Silverdale. The sun set, the shadows deepened, but Bill came not. Finally, Putterton became alarmed, and set out for the mine to ascertain what the trouble was. He returned in great haste, and said Bill was not there. He thought he must have attempted to come down by the short cut, and perhaps fallen. They must make their way to the base of the cliff, and ascertain if such were the case. With the aid of a lantern, for it was now dark, they succeeded in reaching the spot under the most difficult part of the short cut, and there lay poor Bill, bleeding and insensible, but not dead. The spreading branches of the pines had saved him, but he was much bruised, and had struck with considerable violence on the frontal region of the skull.

Putterton knew a little about medicine and surgery, and concluded from his hasty examination that there were no fractures, and that Bill would recover in due time, provided there were no internal injuries. Quickly improvising a litter out of some boughs, they carefully transported their unfortunate comrade back to the cabin, where they placed him in the bunk, and used every means in their power to restore consciousness, but without success. Bill lived and breathed, and they did not despair of seeing him well again, knowing as they did what a remarkably strong constitution he had. He appeared as one sleeping, and they sat and watched patiently by his side. Toward morning their anxiety was somewhat relieved by the sound of occasional low groans, and they felt that he was reviving. Later he attempted to raise his hand to his head, but it was daylight before he opened his eyes, — or eye, rather, for one was so much swollen it could not open — and then, as if the light hurt it, he closed it immediately.

Putterton had re-examined the patient in a more thorough manner, but failed to discover any evidence of serious external injuries. The fall had been so broken by the stout yet yielding bushy branches of the pines, that it was much like falling through a mass of cushioned springs, and the injuries consisted mainly of contusions and scratches. From the uneasiness with which Bill now moved his head about, it appeared to give him more pain than the remainder of his frame.

Putterton had been considering the feasibility of putting old Doc to the test of a quick ride to Rubyville for medical as-

sistance, and he concluded that it must be done. One could attend to Bill as well as two, and he decided that he himself had better stay, as he was more familiar with the requirements of such circumstances. Therefore Winmore prepared for the ride to Rubyville, after Dr. Swayton with his liniments and bandages. The trip, it was estimated, could be made in three days; and meanwhile, as the small stock of liniments which Putterton always carried would soon give out, cold water alone would have to be depended on.

"You will have some trouble finding your way back to the pass," said Putterton; "but if you will let old Doc have his own way, he'll carry you through."

"Oh, we'll get out all right, Doc and I," said Winmore resolutely; "my bump of locality is well developed."

Old Doc was brought up and saddled. He pawed the ground impatiently. Presently Winmore leaped into the saddle, and just as the sunlight was creeping down the higher peaks, he rode off at a full gallop in the direction of Rubyville. Putterton watched him till he disappeared from view, and then returned once more to his charge. He found Bill slightly improved. The respiration was better, and the pulse more regular, and he stirred uneasily, and sometimes opened his uninjured eye, but only to close it again without appearing to see anything. His head was feverish, and the brain seemed to be for the time being paralyzed. Putterton watched constantly and anxiously beside him, scarce taking time at noon for a hasty lunch. At length Bill grew less restive, and finally slept; and he continued in this sleeping condition the whole afternoon. As evening came on he tossed about again, muttered in an unintelligible way, and then fell into a sleep. Putterton himself was beginning to feel drowsy, and resolved at last to snatch a few moments' sleep, that he might be better equal to the morrow. Therefore, after seeing that everything was in good order, and that Bill's bandages were wet and in proper shape, he adjusted some logs in the fireplace so that they would burn slowly, drew a stool up to the table, and leaning his head on his arms fell asleep instantly. When he awoke, the grey morning light was stealing through the chinks, the fire was out, and Bill still slumbered. Rising quickly, he stepped to the bedside. Bill was apparently in much the same condition, except that the visible swellings were much reduced, some of them having left only black-and-blue spots in their stead.

From The Contemporary Review.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND MADAGASCAR.

THE present difficulties between France and Madagascar, and the recent arrival of a Malagasy embassy in this country, have made the name of the great African island a familiar one to all readers of our daily journals during the last few weeks. For some time past we have heard much of certain "French claims" upon Madagascar, and alleged "French rights" there; and since the envoys of the Malagasy sovereign are now in England seeking the friendly offices of our government on behalf of their country, it will be well for Englishmen to endeavor to understand the merits of the dispute, and to know why they are called to take part in the controversy.

Except to a section of the English public which has for many years taken a deep interest in the religious history of the island and given liberally both men and money to enlighten it, and to a few others who are concerned in its growing trade, Madagascar is still very vaguely known to the majority of English people; and, as was lately remarked by a daily journal, its name has until recently been almost as much a mere geographical expression as that of Mesopotamia. The island has, however, certain very interesting features in its scientific aspects, and especially in some religious and social problems which have been worked out by its people during the past fifty years; and these may be briefly described before proceeding to discuss the principal subject of this article.

Looking sideways at a map of the southern Indian Ocean, Madagascar appears to rise like a huge sea monster out of the waters. The island has a remarkably compact and regular outline; for many hundred miles its eastern shore is almost a straight line, but on its north-western side it is indented by a number of deep, land-locked gulfs, which include some of the finest harbors in the world. About a third of its interior to the north and east is occupied by an elevated mountainous region, raised from three to five thousand feet above the sea, and consisting of primary rocks—granite, gneiss, and basalt—probably very ancient land, and forming during the secondary geological epoch an island much smaller than the Madagascar of to-day. While our oolitic and chalk rocks were being slowly laid down under northern seas, the extensive coast plains of the island, especially

on its western and southern sides, were again and again under water, and are still raised but a few hundred feet above the sea-level. From south-east to north and north-west there extends a band of extinct volcanoes, connected probably with the old craters of the Comoro group, where, in Great Comoro, the subterranean forces are still active. All round the island runs a girdle of dense forest, varying from ten to forty miles in width, and containing fine timber and valuable gums and other vegetable wealth—a paradise for botanists, where rare orchids, the graceful traveller's tree, the delicate lattice-leaf plant, the gorgeous flamboyant, and many other elsewhere unknown forms of life abound, and where doubtless much still awaits fuller research.

While the flora of Madagascar is remarkably abundant, its fauna is strangely limited, and contains none of the various and plentiful forms of mammalian life which make southern and central Africa the paradise of sportsmen. The ancient land of the island has preserved antique forms of life: many species of lemur make the forest resound with their cries; and these, with the curious and highly-specialized aye-aye, and peculiar species of viverrids and insectivora, are probably "survivals" of an old-world existence, when Madagascar was one of an archipelago of large islands, whose remains are only small islands like the Seychelles and Mascarene groups, or coral banks and atolls like the Chagos, Amirante, and others, which are slowly disappearing beneath the ocean. Until two or three hundred years ago, the coast plains of Madagascar were trodden by the great struthious bird, the *xyornis*, apparently the most gigantic member of the avifauna of the world, and whose enormous eggs probably gave rise to the stories of the rukh of the "Arabian Nights." It will be evident, therefore, that Madagascar is full of interest as regards its scientific aspects.

When we look at the human inhabitants of the island there is also a considerable field for research, and some puzzling problems are presented. While Madagascar may be correctly termed "the great African island" as regards its geographical position, considered ethnologically, it is rather a Malayo-Polynesian island. Though so near Africa, it has but slight connection with the continent; the customs, traditions, language, and mental and physical characteristics of its people all tend to show that their ances-

tors came across the Indian Ocean from the south-east of Asia. There are traces of some aboriginal peoples in parts of the interior, but the dark and the brown Polynesians are probably both represented in the different Malagasy tribes; and although scattered somewhat thinly over an island a thousand miles long and four times as large as England and Wales, there is substantially but one language spoken throughout the whole of Madagascar. Of these people, the Hova, who occupy the central portion of the interior high land, are the lightest in color and the most civilized, and are probably the latest and purest Malay immigrants. Along the western coast are a number of tribes commonly grouped under the term *Sakalava*, but each having its own dialect, chief, and customs. They are nomadic in habits, keeping large herds of cattle, and are less given to agriculture than the central and eastern peoples. In the interior are found, besides the Hova, the *Sihanaka*, the *Betsileo*, and the *Bàra*; in the eastern forests are the *Tanàla*, and on the eastern coast are the *Betsimisàraka*, *Tamòro*, *Taisàka*, and other allied peoples.

From a remote period the various Malagasy tribes seem to have retained their own independence of each other, no one tribe having any great superiority; but about two hundred years ago a warlike south-western tribe called *Sakalava* conquered all the others on the west coast, and formed two powerful kingdoms, which exacted tribute also from some of the interior peoples. Towards the commencement of the present century, however, the Hova became predominant; having conquered the interior and eastern tribes, they were also enabled by friendship with England to subdue the *Sakalava*, and by the year 1824 King Radàma I. had established his authority over the whole of Madagascar except a portion of the south-west coast.

A little earlier than the date last named—viz., in 1820—a Protestant mission was commenced in the interior of the island at the capital city, *Antanànarivo*. This was with the full approval of the king, who was a kind of Malagasy Peter the Great, and ardently desired that his people should be enlightened. A small body of earnest men sent out by the London Missionary Society did a great work during the fifteen years they were allowed to labor in the central provinces. They reduced the beautiful and musical Malagasy language to a written form; they gave the people the beginnings of a na-

tive literature, and a complete version of the Holy Scriptures, and founded several Christian churches. Many of the useful arts were also taught by the missionary artisans; and to all appearance Christianity and civilization seemed likely soon to prevail throughout the country.

But the accession of Queen Ranavàlona I. in 1828, and, still more, her proclamation of 1835 denouncing Christian teaching, dispelled these pleasing anticipations. A severe persecution of Christianity ensued, which, however, utterly failed to prevent its progress, and only served to show in a remarkable manner the faith and courage of the native Christians, of whom at least two hundred were put to death. The political state of the country was also very deplorable during the queen's reign; almost all foreigners were excluded, and for some years even foreign commerce was forbidden.

On the queen's death, in 1861, the island was reopened to trade and to Christian teaching, both of which have greatly progressed since that time, especially during the reign of the present sovereign, who made a public profession of Christianity at her accession in 1868. By the advice and with the co-operation of her able prime minister numerous wise and enlightened measures have been passed for the better government of the country; idolatry has entirely passed away from the central provinces; education and civilization have been making rapid advances; and all who hope for human progress have rejoiced to see how the Malagasy have been gradually rising to the position of a civilized and Christian people.

The present year has, however, brought a dark cloud over the bright prospects which have been opening up for Madagascar. Foreign aggression on the independence of the country is threatened on the part of France, and a variety of so-called "claims" have been put forward to justify interference with the Malagasy, and alleged "rights" are urged to large portions of their territory.

It is not perfectly clear why the present time has been chosen for this recent ebullition of French feeling, since, if any French rights ever existed to any portion of Madagascar, they might have been as justly (or unjustly) urged for the last forty years as now. Some three or four minor matters have no doubt been made the ostensible pretext,* but the real reason is

* The single act which led to the revival of these

doubtless the same as that which has led to French attempts to obtain territory in Tongking, in the Congo valley, in the Gulf of Aden, and in eastern Polynesia, viz., a desire to retrieve abroad their loss of influence in Europe; and especially to heal the French *amour propre*, sorely wounded by their having allowed England to settle alone the Egyptian difficulty.

It is much to be wished that some definite and authoritative statement could be obtained from French statesmen or writers as to the exact claims now put forward and their justification, with some slight concession to the request of outsiders for reason and argument. As it is, almost every French newspaper seems to have a theory of its own, and we read a good deal about "our ancient rights," and "our acknowledged claims," together with similar vague and rather grandiose language. As far as can be ascertained, four different theories seem to be held: (1) Some French writers speak of their "ancient rights," as if the various utter failures of their nation to retain any military post in Madagascar in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were to be urged as giving rights of possession. (2) Others talk about "the treaties of 1841" with two rebellious Sàkalava tribes as an ample justification of their present action. (3) Others, again, refer to the repudiated and abandoned "Lambert treaty" of 1862 as, somehow or other, still giving the French a hold upon Madagascar. And (4) during the last few days we have been gravely informed that "France will insist upon carrying out the treaty of 1868," which gives no right in Madagascar to France beyond that given to every nation with whom a treaty has been made, and which says not one word about any French protectorate.*

It will be necessary to examine these four points a little in detail.

1. Of what value are "ancient French rights" in Madagascar? These do not rest upon *discovery* of the country, or prior occupation of it, since almost every writer, French, English, or German, agrees that the Portuguese, in 1506, were the first Europeans to land on the island. They retained some kind of connection

with Madagascar for many years; and so did the Dutch, for a shorter period, in the early part of the seventeenth century; and the English also had a small colony on the south-west side of the island before any French attempts were made at colonization. Three European nations therefore preceded the French in Madagascar.

During the seventeenth century, from 1643 to 1672, repeated efforts were made by the French to maintain a hold on three or four points of the east coast of the island. But these were not colonies, and were so utterly mismanaged that eventually the French were driven out by the exasperated inhabitants; and after less than thirty years' intermittent occupation of these positions, the country was abandoned by them altogether for more than seventy years.* In the latter part of the eighteenth century fresh attempts were made (after 1745), but with little better result; one post after another was relinquished; so that towards the beginning of the present century the only use made of Madagascar by the French was for the slave-trade, and the maintenance of two or three trading stations for supplying oxen to the Mascarene Islands.† In 1810 the capture of Mauritius and Bourbon by the British gave a decisive blow to French predominance in the southern Indian Ocean; their two or three posts on the east coast were occupied by English troops, and were by us given over to Radama I., who had succeeded in making himself supreme over the greater portion of the island. The French eventually seized the little island of Ste. Marie's, off the eastern coast, but retained not a foot of soil upon the mainland; and so ended, it might have been supposed, their "ancient rights" in Madagascar.‡

It is, however, quite unnecessary to dwell further on this point, as the recognition by the French, in their treaty with Radama II., of that prince as *king of Madagascar* was a sufficient renunciation of their ancient pretensions. This is in-

* It is true that during these seventy years various edicts claiming the country were issued by Louis XIV.; but as the French during all that time did not attempt to occupy a single foot of territory in Madagascar, these gaudiloquent proclamations can hardly be considered as of much value. As has been remarked, French pretensions were greatest when their actual authority was least.

† See *Précis sur les Etablissements Français formés à Madagascar*. Paris, 1836, p. 4.

‡ For fuller details as to the character of French settlements in Madagascar, their gross mismanagement and bad treatment of the people, see Statement of the Madagascar Committee; and *Souvenirs de Madagascar*, par M. le Dr. H. Lacaze; Paris, 1881, p. xviii.

long-forgotten claims upon the north-west coast, was the hoisting of the queen's flag by two native Sàkalava chieftains in their villages. These were hauled down, and carried away in a French gun-boat, and the flag-staves cut up.

* This last claim must be preferred either in perfect ignorance of what the 1868 treaty really is, or as an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the newspaper-reading public.

deed admitted by French writers. M. Galos, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Oct. 1863, p. 700), says, speaking of the treaty of Sept. 2, 1861:—

By that act, in which Radâma II. appears as King of Madagascar, we have recognized without restriction his sovereignty over all the island. In consequence of that recognition two consuls have been accredited to him, the one at Tananarivo, the other at Tamatave, who only exercise their functions by virtue of an *exequatur* from the real sovereign.

Again he remarks:—

We see that France would not gain much by resuming her position anterior to 1861; also, we may add, without regret, that it is no longer possible. We have recognized in the King of Madagascar the necessary quality to enable him to treat with us on all the interests of the island. It does not follow, because he or his successors fail to observe the engagements that they have contracted, that therefore the quality aforesaid is lost, or that we should have the right to refuse it to them for the future.*

And the treaty of 1868 again, in which the present sovereign is recognized as "Reine de Madagascar," fully confirms the view of the French writer just cited.†

2. Let us now look for a moment at the Lambert treaty, or rather charter, of 1862. On his accession to the throne in 1861, the young king, Radâma II., soon fell into follies and vices which were not a little encouraged by some Frenchmen who had ingratiated themselves with him. A Monsieur Lambert, a planter from Réunion, managed to obtain the king's consent to a charter conceding to a company to be formed by Lambert very extensive rights over the whole of Madagascar. The king's signature was obtained while he was in a state of intoxication, at a banquet given at the house of the French consul, and against the remonstrances of all the leading people of the kingdom. But the concession was one of the principal causes of the revolution of the following year, in which the king lost both crown and life; and it was promptly repudiated by the new sovereign and her government, as a virtual abandonment of the country to France. Threats of bombardment, etc., were freely used, but at length it was arranged that, on the payment of an indemnity of a million francs by the native government to the company, its rights should be abandoned. It is said

that this pacific result was largely due to the good sense and kindly feeling of the emperor Napoleon, who, on being informed of the progress in civilization and Christianity made by the Malagasy, refused to allow this to be imperilled by aggressive war. There would seem, then, to be no ground for present French action on the strength of the repudiated Lambert treaty.

3. As already observed, several French public prints have been loudly proclaiming that France is resolved "to uphold the treaty of 1868 in its entirety."* It may with the same emphasis be announced that the Malagasy government is equally resolved to uphold it, so far at least as they are concerned, especially its first article, which declares that "in all time to come the subjects of each power shall be friends, and shall preserve amity, and shall never fight." But it should be also carefully noted that this 1868 treaty recognizes unreservedly the queen as sovereign of Madagascar, makes no admission of, or allusion to, any of these alleged French rights, much less any protectorate; and is simply a treaty of friendship and commerce between two nations, standing, as far as power to make treaties is concerned, on an equal footing. If French statesmen, therefore, are sincere in saying that they only require the maintenance of the treaty of 1868 in its integrity, the difficulties between the two nations will soon be at an end.

But it is doubtful whether the foregoing is really a French "claim," as far more stress has been laid, and will still doubtless be laid, upon certain alleged treaties of 1841. What the value of these is we must now consider.

4. The facts connected with the 1841 treaties are briefly these. In the year 1839 two of the numerous Sakalava tribes of the north-west of the island, who had since the conquest in 1824 been in subjection to the central government, broke into rebellion. It happened that a French war vessel was then cruising in those waters, and as the French had for some time previously lost all the positions they had ever occupied on the east coast, it

* See *Daily News*, Nov. 30 and Dec. 1; *La Liberté*, Nov. 29, and *Le Parlement* of same date. Both these French journals speak of an "Act by which the Tananarivo Government cancelled the Treaty of 1868" (*Le Parlement*), and of its being "annulled by Queen Ranavaloana of her own authority" (*La Liberté*). It is only necessary to say that no such "Act" ever had any existence, save in the fertile brains of French journalists, and it is now brought forward apparently with a view to excite animosity towards the Malagasy in the minds of their readers.

* The italics are my own.

† See also letter of Bishop Ryan, late of Mauritius, *Daily News*, Dec. 16.

appeared a fine opportunity for recovering prestige in the west. By presents and promises of protection they induced, it is alleged, the chieftainess of the Ibòina people, and the chief of the Tankàrana, further north, to cede to them their territories on the mainland, as well as the island of Nòsibé, off the north-west coast. These treaties are given by De Clercq, "Recueil de Traités," vol. iv., pp. 594, 597; but whether these half-barbarous Sàkalàva, ignorant of reading and writing, knew what they were doing, is very doubtful. Nòsibé was, however, taken possession of by the French in 1841, and has ever since then remained in their hands; but, curiously enough, until the present year, no claim has ever been put forward to any portion of the mainland, or any attempt made to take possession of it. But these treaties have been lately advanced as justifying very large demands on the part of the French, including (a) a protectorate over the portions ceded; (b) a protectorate over all the northern part of the island, from Mojangà across to Antongil Bay; (c) a protectorate over all the western side of the island; finally (d), "general rights" (whatever these may mean) over all Madagascar! Most English papers have rightly considered these treaties as affording no justification for such large pretensions, although one or two* have argued that the London press has unfairly depreciated the strength of French claims. Is this really so?

The Malagasy government and its envoys to Europe have strenuously denied the right of a rebellious tribe to alienate any portion of the country to a foreign power; a right which would never be recognized by any civilized nation, and which they will resist to the last. The following are amongst some of the reasons they urge as vitiating and nullifying any French claim upon the mainland founded upon the 1841 treaties:—

1. The territory claimed had been fairly conquered in war in 1824 by the Hova, and their sovereign rights had for many years never been disputed.

2. The present queen and her predecessors had been acknowledged by the French in their treaties of 1868 and 1862 as sovereigns of Madagascar, without any reserve whatever. (See also *Revue des deux Mondes*, already cited.)

3. Military posts have been established there, and customs duties collected by

Hova officials ever since the country was conquered by them, and these have been paid without any demur or reservation by French as well as by all other foreign vessels. Some years ago complaints were made by certain French traders of overcharges; these were investigated, and money was refunded.

4. All the Sàkalàva chiefs in that part of the island have at various times rendered fealty to the sovereign at Antanànarivo.

5. These same Sàkalàva, both princes and people, have paid a yearly poll-tax to the central government.

6. The French flag has never been hoisted on the mainland of Madagascar, nor, for forty years, has any claim to this territory been made by France, nothing whatever being said about any rights or protectorate on their part in the treaties concluded during that period.

7. The Hova governors have occasionally (after the fashion set now and then by governors of more civilized peoples) oppressed the conquered races. But the Sàkalàva have always looked to the queen at Antanànarivo for redress (and have obtained it), and never has any reference been made to France, nor has any jurisdiction been claimed by France or by the colonial French authorities in the matter.

8. British war-vessels have for many years past had the right (conceded by our treaty of 1865) to cruise in these north-western bays, creeks, and rivers, for the prevention of the slave-trade. The British consul has landed on this territory, and in conducting inquiries has dealt directly with the Hova authorities without the slightest reference to France, or any claim from the latter that he should do so.

9. The French representatives in Madagascar have repeatedly blamed the central government for not asserting its authority more fully over the north-west coast; and several years ago, in the reign of Ranavàlona I., a French subject, with the help of a few natives, landed on this coast with the intention of working some of the mineral productions, and built a fortified post. Refusing to desist, he was attacked by the queen's troops, and eventually killed. No complaint was ever made by the French authorities on account of this occurrence, as it was admitted to be the just punishment for an unlawful act. Yet it was done on what the French now claim as their territory.

10. And, lastly, France has quite recently (in May of this year) extorted a heavy money fine from the Malagasy

* E.g., *The Manchester Guardian*, Dec. 1st, 5th, and 6th.

government for a so-called "outrage" committed by the Sakalava upon some Arabs from Mayotta, sailing under French colors. These latter were illegally attempting to land arms and ammunition, and were killed in the fight which ensued. The demand was grossly unjust, but the fact of its having been made would seem to all impartial persons to vitiate utterly all French claims to this territory, as an unmistakable acknowledgment of the Hova supremacy there.

Such are, as far as can be ascertained, the most important reasons recently put forth for French claims upon Madagascar, and the Malagasy replies thereto; and it would really be a service to the native government and its envoys if some French writer of authority and knowledge would endeavor to refute the arguments just advanced.

Another point of considerable importance is the demand of the French that leases of ninety-nine years shall be allowed. This has been resisted by the Malagasy government as most undesirable in the present condition of the country. It is, however, prepared to grant leases of thirty-five years, renewable on complying with certain forms. It argues, with considerable reason on its side, that unless all powers of obtaining land by foreigners are strictly regulated, the more ignorant coast people will still do as they are known to have done, and will make over, while intoxicated, large tracts of land to foreign adventurers for the most trifling consideration, such as a bottle of rum, or a similar payment.

The question now arises, what have Englishmen to do in this matter, and what justifies our taking part in the dispute?

Let us first frankly make two or three admissions. We have no right to hinder, nor do we seek to prevent, the legitimate development of the colonial power of France. So far as France can replace savagery by true civilization we shall rejoice in her advances in any part of the world. And further, we have no right to, nor do we pretend to the exercise of, the duty of police of the world. But at the same time, while we ought not and cannot undertake such extensive responsibilities, we have, in this part of the Indian Ocean, constituted ourselves for many years a kind of international police for the suppression of the slave-trade, in the interests of humanity and freedom; and this fact has been expressly or tacitly recog-

nized by other European powers. The sacrifices we have made to abolish slavery in our own colonies, and our commercial supremacy and naval power, have justified and enabled us to take this position. And, as we shall presently show, the supremacy of the French in Madagascar would certainly involve a virtual revival of the slave-trade.

It may also be objected by some that, as regards aggression upon foreign nations, we do not ourselves come into court with clean hands. We must with shame admit the accusation. But, on the other hand, we do not carry on religious persecution in the countries we govern; and, further, we have restored the Transvaal, we have retired from Afghanistan, and, notwithstanding the advocates of an "Imperialist" policy in Egypt, we are not going to retain the Nile Delta as a British province. And, as was well remarked in the *Daily News* lately, "such an argument proves a great deal too much. It would be fatal to the progress of public opinion as a moral agent altogether, and might fix the mistaken policy of a particular epoch as the standard of national ethics for all time."

What claim, then, has England to intervene in this dispute, and to offer mediation between France and Madagascar?

(a) England has greatly aided Madagascar to attain its present position as a nation. Largely owing to the help she gave to the enlightened Hova king, Radama I., from 1817 to 1828, he was enabled to establish his supremacy over most of the other tribes of the island, and, in place of a number of petty, turbulent chieftaincies, to form one strong central government, desirous of progress, and able to put down intestine wars, as well as the export slave-trade of the country. For several years a British agent, Mr. Hastie, lived at the court of Radama, exercising a powerful influence for good over the king, and doing very much for the advancement of the people. In later times, through English influence, and by the provisions of our treaty with Madagascar, the import slave-trade has been stopped, and a large section of the slave population — those of African birth, brought into the island by the Arab slaving-dhows — has been set free (in June, 1877).

(b) England has done very much during the last sixty years to develop civilization and enlightenment in Madagascar. The missionary workmen, sent out by the London Missionary Society from 1820 to 1835,

introduced many of the useful arts — viz., improved methods of carpentry, iron-working, and weaving, the processes of tanning, and several manufactures of chemicals, soap, lime-burning, etc.; and they also constructed canals and reservoirs for rice-culture.

From 1862 to 1882 the same society's builders have introduced the use of brick and stone construction, have taught the processes of brick and tile manufacture and the preparation of slates, and have erected numerous stone and brick churches, schools, and houses; and these arts have been so readily learned by the people that the capital and other towns have been almost entirely rebuilt within the last fifteen years with dwellings of European fashion. England has also been the principal agent in the intellectual advance of the Malagasy; for, as already mentioned, English missionaries were the first to reduce the native language to a grammatical system, and to give the people their own tongue in a written form. They also prepared a considerable number of books, and founded an extensive school system.* If we look at what England has done for Madagascar, a far more plausible case might be made out — were we so disposed — for "English claims" on the island, than any that France can produce.

(c) England has considerable political interests in preserving Madagascar free from French control. These should not be overlooked, as the influence of the French in those seas is already sufficiently strong. Not only are they established in the small islands of Ste. Marie and Nôsi-bé, off Madagascar itself, but they have taken possession of two of the Comoro group, Mayotta and Mohilla. Réunion is French; and although Mauritius and the Seychelles are under English government, they are largely French in speech and sympathy. And it must be remembered that the first instalment of territory which is now coveted includes five or six large gulfs, besides numerous inlets and river-mouths, and especially the Bay of Diego Suarez, one of the finest natural harbors, and admirably adapted for a great naval station. The possession of these, and eventually of the whole of the island,

would seriously affect the balance of power in the south-west Indian Ocean, making French influence preponderant in these seas, and in certain very possible political contingencies would be a formidable menace to our South African colonies.

(d) We have also commercial interests in Madagascar which cannot be disregarded, because, although the island does not yet contribute largely to the commerce of the world, it is a country of great natural resources, and its united export and import trade, chiefly in English and American hands, is already worth about a million annually. Our own share of this is fourfold that of the French, and British subjects in Madagascar outnumber those of France in the proportion of five to one; and our valuable colony of Mauritius derives a great part of its food-supply from the great island.

But apart from the foregoing considerations, it is from no narrow jealousy that we maintain that French preponderance in Madagascar would work disastrously for freedom and humanity in that part of the world. We are not wholly free from blame ourselves with regard to the treatment of the coolie population of Mauritius; but it must be remembered that, although that island is English in government, its inhabitants are chiefly French in origin, and they retain a great deal of that utter want of recognition of the rights of colored people which seems inherent in the French abroad. So that successive governors have been constantly thwarted by magistrates and police in their efforts to obtain justice for the coolie immigrants. A Commission of Inquiry in 1872, however, forced a number of reforms, and since then there has been little ground for complaint. But in the neighboring island of Réunion the treatment of the Hindu coolies has been so bad that at length the Indian government has refused to allow emigration thither any longer. For some years past French trading vessels have been carrying off from the north-west Madagascar coast hundreds of people for the Réunion plantations. Very lately a convention was made with the Portuguese authorities at Mozambique to supply colored laborers for Réunion, and, doubtless, also with a view to sugar estates yet to be made in Madagascar — a traffic which is the slave-trade in all but the name. The French flag is sullied by being allowed to be used by slaving-dhows — an iniquity owing to which our brave Captain Brownrigg met his death not

* Almost all Malagasy words for military tactics and rank are of English origin, so are many of the words used for building operations, and the influence of England is also shown by the fact that almost all the words connected with education and literature are from us, such as school, class, lesson, pen, copybook, pencil, slate, book, gazette, press, print, proof, capital, period, etc., grammar, geography, addition, etc.

long ago. Is it any exaggeration to say that an increase of French influence in these seas is one of sad omen for freedom?

And, further, a French protectorate over a part of the island would certainly work disastrously for the progress of Madagascar itself. It has been already shown that during the present century the country has been passing out of the condition of a collection of petty independent states into that of one strong kingdom, whose authority is gradually becoming more and more firmly established over the whole island. And all hope of progress is bound up in the strengthening and consolidation of the central Hova government, with capable governors representing its authority over the other provinces. But for many years past the French have depreciated and ridiculed the Hova power; and except M. Guillaïn, who, in his "Documents sur la Partie Occidentale de Madagascar," has written with due appreciation of the civilizing policy of Radâma I., there is hardly any French writer but has spoken evil of the central government, simply because every step taken towards the unification of the country makes their own projects less feasible. French policy is, therefore, to stir up the outlying tribes, where the Hova authority is still weak, to discontent and rebellion, and so cause internecine war, in which France will come in and offer "protection" to all rebels. Truly a noble "mission" for a great and enlightened European nation!

After acknowledging again and again the sovereign at Antananarivo as "queen of Madagascar," the French papers have lately begun to style her Majesty "queen of the Hovas," as if there were not a dozen other tribes over whom even the French have never disputed her authority; while they write as if the Sakalava formed an independent State, with whom they had a perfect right to conclude treaties. More than this: after making treaties with at least two sovereigns of Madagascar, accrediting consuls to them and receiving consuls appointed by them, a portion of the French press has just discovered that the Malagasy are "a barbarous people," with whom it would be derogatory to France to meet on equal terms.* Let us see what this barbarous Malagasy government has been doing during the last few years:—

1. It has put an end to idolatry in the central and other provinces, and with it a number of cruel and foolish superstitions, together with the use of the *tangéna* poison-ordeal,* infanticide, polygamy, and the unrestricted power of divorce.

2. It has codified, revised, and printed its laws, abolishing capital punishment (formerly carried out in many cruel forms), except for the crimes of treason and murder.

3. It has set free a large portion of the slave population, indeed all African slaves brought from beyond the seas, and has passed laws by which no Malagasy can any longer be reduced to slavery for debt or for political offences.

4. It has largely limited the old oppressive feudal system of the country, and has formed a kind of responsible ministry, with departments of foreign affairs, war, justice, revenue, trade, schools, etc.

5. It has passed laws for compulsory education throughout the central provinces, by which the children in that part of the island are now being educated.

6. It has begun to remodel its army, putting it on a basis of short service, to which all classes are liable, so as to consolidate its power over the outlying districts, and bring all the island under the action of the just and humane laws already described.

7. It has made the planting of the poppy illegal, subjecting the offender to a very heavy fine.

8. It has passed several laws forbidding the manufacture and importation of ardent spirits into Imérina, and is anxious for powers in the treaties now to be revised to levy a much heavier duty at the ports.

We need not ask if these are the acts of a barbarous nation, or whether it would be for the interests of humanity and civilization and progress if the disorderly elements which still remain in the country should be encouraged by foreign interference to break away from the control they have so long acknowledged. It is very doubtful whether any European nation has made similar progress in such a

* Among the many unfair statements of the Parisian press is an article in *Le Rappel*, of Oct. 20, copied by many other papers, in which this *tangéna* ordeal is described as if it was now a practice of the Malagasy, the intention being, of course, to lead its readers to look upon them as still barbarous; the fact being that its use has been obsolete ever since 1865 (Art. XVIII. of English Treaty), and its practice is a capital offence, as a form of treason. The Malagasy envoys are represented as saying that their Supreme Court often condemned criminals to death by its use!

* See *Le Parlement*, Dec. 15, and other French papers.

short period as has this Hova government of Madagascar.

It may also be remarked that although it has also been the object of the French to pose as the friends of the Sàkalava, whom they represent as down-trodden, it is a simple matter of fact that for many years past these people have been in peaceable subjection to the Hova authority. The system of government allows the local chiefs to retain a good deal of their former influence so long as the suzerainty of the queen at Antananarivo is acknowledged. And a recent traveller through this north-west district, the Rev. W. C. Pickersgill, testifies that on inquiring of every tribe as to whom they paid allegiance, the invariable reply was, "To Ranavalô-manjaka, queen of Madagascar." It is indeed extremely probable that, in counting upon the support of these north-westerly tribes against the central government, the French are reckoning without their host, and will find enemies where they expect allies. In fact, the incident which was one of the chief pretexts for the revival of these long-dormant claims — the hoisting of the queen's flag at two places — really shows how well disposed the people are to the Hova government, and how they look to the queen for justice.

It will perhaps be asked, Have we any diplomatic standing-ground for friendly intervention on behalf of the Malagasy? I think there are at least two considerations which — altogether apart from our commercial and political interests in the freedom of the country, and what we have done for it in various ways — give us a right to speak in this question. One is, that there has for many years past been an understanding between the governments of France and England that neither would take action with regard to Madagascar without previous consultation with each other. We are then surely entitled to speak if the independence of the island is threatened. Another reason is, that we are to a great extent pledged to give the Hova government some support by the words spoken by our special envoy to the queen Ranavalôna last year. Vice-Admiral Gore-Jones then repeated the assurance of the understanding above mentioned, and encouraged the Hova government to consolidate their authority on the west coast, and, in fact, his language stimulated them to take that action there which the French have made a pretext for their present interference.

In taking such a line of action England

seeks no selfish ends. We do not covet a foot of Madagascar territory; we ask no exclusive privileges; but I do maintain that what we have done for Madagascar, and the part we have taken in her development and advancement, give us a claim and impose on us an obligation to stand forward on her behalf against those who would break her unity and consequently her progress. The French will have no easy task to conquer the country if they persist in their demands; the Malagasy will not yield except to overwhelming force, and it will prove a war bringing heavy cost and little honor to France.

May I not appeal to all right-minded and generous Frenchmen that their influence should also be in the direction of preserving the freedom of this nation? — one of the few dark peoples who have shown an unusual receptivity for civilization and Christianity, who have already advanced themselves so much, and who will still, if left undisturbed, become one united and enlightened nation.

It will be to the lasting disgrace of France if she stirs up aggressive war, and so throws back indefinitely all the remarkable progress made by the Malagasy during the past few years; and it will be hardly less to our own discredit if we, an insular nation, jealous of the inviolability of our own island, show no practical sympathy with another insular people, and do not use every means that can be employed to preserve to Madagascar its independence and its liberties.

JAMES SIBREE, Jun.

From Chambers' Journal.
FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER III.

EIGHT weeks had come and gone since Frank Frobisher heard the news of his good fortune from the lips of Mr. Gimp. Eight weeks had come and gone since Dick Drummond's assumption of his friend's name and position, and the secret had not yet oozed out. To the world at large, including Mr. Pebworth, Dick was the lucky Mr. Frobisher who had dropped in for a fortune of eight thousand a year; while Frank was Mr. Frobisher's secretary and humble friend. By this time they were settled at Waylands, a charming country-house among the Surrey hills,

which Mr. Askew had bought ready furnished a few months before his death, but which he had not lived to inhabit. Thither too the Pebworths had been invited.

It was a lovely midsummer morning, and breakfast at Waylands was just over, when Mr. Pebworth sauntered across the lawn, his arms laden with letters, newspapers, and prospectuses. The postbag had just arrived, and he was anxious to secure a first glance at the *Times*. He selected a rustic seat and table that were sheltered from the sun by the branches of a large elm, and there he sat down and proceeded to unfold his newspaper. Scarcely had he skimmed the first lines of the money article, when a young lady in white and rose-color, with a straw hat, and a book under her arm, came stepping out through the open French windows of the breakfast-room, and after pausing for a moment or two, put up her sunshade and walked slowly in the direction taken by Mr. Pebworth.

The lady in question was that gentleman's only daughter, Miss Clunie Pebworth. She was a tall, thin young woman, the angularities of whose figure not all the art of her dressmaker could effectually conceal. She had fluffy light flaxen hair, large prominent blue eyes, a well-shaped nose, and an excellent set of teeth, which she took every opportunity of displaying. The normal expression of her features when she was alone, or in the company of no one for whose opinion she cared, was one of querulous discontent and incipient ill-temper. You see she was five-and-twenty, and had not yet found a suitable partner for life. Some one had once told her that she looked "arch" when she smiled; the consequence was that she smiled a great deal, but her smiles rarely extended as far as her cold blue eyes. Miss Pebworth was not one of those foolish virgins who believe in simplicity of attire. It may be that she knew her own deficiencies, and was aware that it would not suit her to play the part of the Shepherdess of the Plain. In any case, even on this hot June morning her white dress, with its rose-colored under-skirt, was befrilled and befringed below beyond anything to be found in the book of fashions, of which she was an assiduous student. Whatever was exaggerated in that, became still more exaggerated when adopted by Miss Pebworth. For the life of her, Clunie could not come down to breakfast without four or five dress-rings on her fingers; but then, as she herself would have said, where's the use of having a lot

of jewellery if you don't take every opportunity of showing it off?

Mr. Pebworth, when at home, lived in the pleasant suburb of Bayswater. His house was a highly-rented one in a semi-fashionable square; but it was essential to Mr. Pebworth's schemes that he should make a good appearance before the world; while it was not needful to tell every one that a rich old general and his unmarried sister occupied the best rooms in the house, and thereby helped materially to lessen the expenses of the establishment. Mr. Pebworth's offices were up an old-fashioned court in one of the busiest parts of the City, the said offices consisting of one large room divided by a glass-and-mahogany partition into two small ones. There were several other offices in the same building, a massive edifice which dated back to the period of William and Mary, and had evidently at one time been the home of some notable City magnate. Among other legends inscribed on the broad oaken door-jambs might be read this one: "MR. ALGERNON PEBWORTH, General Agent, etc."

Now, the phrase "General Agent, etc." is one capable of a somewhat wide application, as Mr. Pebworth when he adopted it was probably quite aware. What Mr. Pebworth's particular line of business might be, and from what sources the bulk of his income was derived, were things probably known to himself alone. It is quite certain that neither his wife nor daughter had any fixed ideas on the subject. It was generally understood that he was more or less mixed up with the promotion and launching of sundry joint-stock companies and speculative associations of greater or lesser repute—not unfrequently the latter; while those who were supposed to be best informed in such matters averred that he was merely a catspaw and go-between for certain big financiers, who did not always care to let their names go forth to the world until the golden eggs with which they strove to tempt the public should be successfully hatched, there being sometimes a risk that the eggs in question might turn out to be addled. Be this as it may, Mr. Pebworth had hitherto contrived, by hook or by crook, to keep his head above water, and the Bayswater establishment showed as good a face to the world as most of its neighbors.

Elma Deene had been an inmate of her uncle's house about six months when we first made her acquaintance. Previously to that time, she had been living with

some of her father's relatives in Devonshire.

It was essential to the due carrying out of Frank Frobisher's scheme that he and his new-found relatives should be brought into frequent, if not daily contact. There was only one mode by which this could be effected, and that was by having them as guests at Waylands. Fortunately, the rich old general and his sister were away in Scotland at this time, so that the pressing invitation, of which Drummond in his assumed character was the mouthpiece, had met with a ready response. Mr. Pebworth found a convenient service of trains for running backwards and forwards between Waylands and the City as often as he might feel so inclined; Miss Pebworth cherished certain matrimonial designs against her rich cousin; while Mrs. Pebworth, though often troubled inwardly when she called to mind that her own house was left in sole charge of a cook and parlor maid, both of whom doubtless had followers — however strenuously they might deny the soft impeachment — did not fail to derive a genuine housewifely pleasure in arranging and putting in order her bachelor nephew's new establishment.

Mr. Dempsey and Captain Downes Dyson, whose acquaintance we shall make later on, were business friends of Mr. Pebworth; and after a dinner at Simpson's, at which Dick had been present one day when in town, had been invited down to Waylands, on a hint thrown out by that astute individual.

Having stated these necessary preliminaries, we will return to Miss Pebworth, who by this time had seated herself on a rustic chair opposite her father. "Do you want to speak to me, papa?" she asked.

"I do want to speak to you," answered Mr. Pebworth, as he laid down his paper and removed his eyeglasses. "I want to know what progress you are making with your cousin."

"I am making no progress at all. I never shall make any progress with him. I told you so a fortnight ago."

"Then all your attractions are thrown away upon him — all your pretty coaxing ways are of no avail?"

"Of no avail whatever. Mr. Frank Frobisher might be made of mahogany, for any impression I can make on him. I've tried him with half-a-dozen things — with painting first of all. I got Vasari's Lives and a volume of Ruskin, and was forever talking to him about chiaro-oscu-

ro, backgrounds, foregrounds, middle distances, and mellow tones. At last Frank burst out laughing in my face, called me a little goose, and said I didn't know a bit what I was talking about."

"Very rude of him, to say the least."

"I've tried him with other things — racing, hunting, shooting, poetry, landscape-gardening; but all to no purpose. He listens to all I say, agrees with me in everything; but all the time I feel that he is laughing at me in his sleeve."

"Any signs of a prior attachment?" asked Mr. Pebworth after a pause.

"Not that I have been able to discover. He seems utterly indifferent to female society, and to have no enthusiasm about anything."

"Has probably been jilted, and still feels the smart."

"I have given up the case as hopeless."

"Why not make one more effort?"

"It would be quite useless, papa."

"One more effort, Clunie. Think how magnificent will be the prize if you succeed! Eight thousand a year!" Then laying one hand earnestly on her arm, he added: "It would be my salvation, girl, as well as yours."

For a few moments they gazed into each other's eyes.

"To please you, papa, I will try once more," said Clunie at last; "but I feel how useless it will be."

"It is a forlorn hope, I grant; but a forlorn hope sometimes succeeds through sheer audacity."

"You have told me nothing yet about the fresh arrivals, Mr. Dempsey and Captain Dyson."

"I can catalogue them for you in very few words. They are both rich, both unmarried; consequently, both eligible. Dempsey is bordering on sixty years of age; Dyson is about thirty. If Dempsey were not a rich man, he would be a travelling showman. His house in Essex is quite a menagerie. Talk natural history to him. Tell him that whenever you go to town, you never fail to spend a long day in the Zoo, and that to you even the hippopotamus is a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"I won't forget."

"Dyson's mania is for telling long-winded stories about his adventures as a traveller. You must profess to be deeply interested in his narratives, and accept them all as simple statements of fact. Do this, and you can hardly fail to win the heart of Captain Downes Dyson."

"I understand, papa."

"Make one more effort with your cousin. If it fail, give him up for a time, and try your hand on Dyson. He is younger, simpler, and will be more easily manipulated than Dempsey. It will be time enough to try the latter when you fail with Dyson. My blessing will accompany your efforts. Hem! We are no longer alone."

Mr. Pebworth was right. Quite a little group of people, after standing for a few moments in the cool shade of the veranda, were now adventuring across the sunlit lawn. First of all came our long-legged friend Dick Drummond, who was believed by all there to be their host Mr. Frank Frobisher. Next to him came Mr. Dempsey and Captain Dyson, deep in conversation. Last of all came Elma Deene, with her sunny face and lithe, graceful figure.

Our friend Richard no longer looked like the same man whose acquaintance we made in Soho. His leonine locks had been shorn away till no more was left of them than would have commanded the critical approval of any military barber. For several days after the operation, Dick averred that he felt quite light-headed. The mathematically straight line down the middle was a source of much trouble to him every morning. His once ragged, sandy moustache had not been neglected, but had been trimmed and waxed and coaxed till it would not have done discredit to a captain of dragoons. His threadbare velvet jacket, his baggy trousers, and his down-at-heel boots were as things that had never been. The dark tweed suit which he now wore had been constructed by a West End artist; while his patent shoes and snowy gaiters instinctively carried the mind back to the pavements of Piccadilly and Bond Street. In the matter of collars, cuffs, and scarfs, Dick was elaborately got up, while it was a strange experience to him to know that there was no laundress's account in arrear, and that he might indulge in clean linen every day, were he so minded. If he took out of his pocket once a day the gold chronometer which Frank had made him a present of, he took it out forty times. Only two months ago he had rather despised a man who carried a watch. As for the splendid brilliant which he wore on the third finger of his left hand, all that can be said is, that when one has a moustache, one generally twists it, or tugs at it, or strokes it, as the case may be, with the left hand.

Mr. Dempsey, who had been a great

dandy once on a time, would fain have persuaded the world that he had not yet forfeited all claim to the appellation. He was thin and tall, and remarkably upright for his years. It was whispered that he wore stays, but that was probably a calumny. His complexion was of that tint which is usually associated with too free an indulgence in old port. He wore a brown, curly wig, and his moustache and imperial were dyed to match. He wore his hat jauntily on one side, after the fashion of days gone by. This June morning he had on a long, blue frock-coat, a white vest, fancy trousers, and patent boots with straps, not forgetting a moss rosebud and a sprig of maidenhair fern in his button-hole. When he sat down, he sat down with deliberation; and when he got up, he got up with deliberation. Either his clothes fitted him too well, or he was slightly stiff in the joints.

Captain Downes Dyson was a little, innocent-looking, fair-complexioned man, with a small, fluffy moustache, weak eyes, a thin, piping voice, and an eyeglass which was a perpetual source of trouble to him. He was dressed quietly and like a gentleman.

Dick came to a stand in the middle of the lawn and drew forth his chronometer. "Remember, ladies and gentlemen," he called out with an air of authority, "that the drag will be round in two hours from now. Vivat regina!"

"What place are we going to visit to-day?" asked Dyson.

"The ruins of Belfont Abbey," answered Dick.

"Ruins again — always ruins," muttered Mr. Dempsey discontentedly. "I can't see what there is to interest anybody in a heap of old stones."

Miss Deene overheard the remark. "A sad state of things when one ruin has no respect for another," she whispered mischievously to Dick.

Dempsey and Dyson had brought their newspapers and letters with them, and they now sat down at the same table with Pebworth, who was deep again in the *Times*. Clunie had moved away to a seat on the opposite side of the lawn, and there Elma joined her. Dick had found a garden-chair for himself somewhat in the background. Here he sat down, and leaning back, tilted his hat over his eyes, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and — cigar in mouth — went off into a brown-study.

"Time seems of no value in the country," remarked Mr. Pebworth in a casual

sort of way. "Past ten o'clock, and breakfast only just over. A clear loss of two hours per diem."

"You can easily make up for it by sitting up two hours later at night," responded the little captain, who was addicted to post-prandial billiards.

"For my part, I think breakfast a mistake altogether," said Dempsey. "Why not follow the example of the great carnivora, and feed once in twenty-four hours?"

"First catching your food, and then killing it," interpolated Pebworth.

"And afterwards eating it uncooked," piped Dyson. "It would save something in coals and servants."

"Another mining catastrophe — another hundred or so of widows and orphans thrown on the world," remarked Pebworth a minute later. Dempsey was waiting with ill-concealed impatience till he should have done with the *Times*. Certainly Pebworth was keeping it an unconscionable time.

"Why don't those mining fellows insure their lives?" asked Dyson.

"As a director of one of the largest insurance companies, I echo the question: Why don't they insure their lives?" This from Dempsey.

"To subscribe to any fund for the benefit of their widows and orphans is an encouragement of wilful improvidence," resumed Pebworth. "They won't get a penny of my money."

"Nor of mine," asseverated Dempsey.

"Nor of mine," echoed the captain.

CHAPTER IV.

CLUNIE and Elma sat for a little while in silence. The former had brought a book with her, the latter her embroidery. At length Clunie could contain herself no longer. "Elma, you really ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she burst out.

"I dare say I ought, dear, but I'm not," responded Elma with provoking placidity of tone.

"The way you carry on with that odious Mr. Drummond is outrageous."

"Whose feelings have I outraged?"

"You were actually seen walking out with that man before breakfast!"

"I like somebody to walk out with, and 'that man' is very amusing. Some people are not amusing."

"He's a pauper — an absolute pauper."

"Yes, poor fellow. It's a terrible crime."

"Some people are poor, but still agreeable; but Mr. Drummond is thoroughly

odious. He seems to be always taking people off behind their backs."

"He is rather clever as a mimic. You should have heard his imitation of the conversation between you and Charley Sargeant the other evening on the terrace."

"What impertinence!"

"You spoke rather loudly, you know, and Mr. Drummond and I were close behind you. Pointing to the stars, you said to Charley: 'Mark how those starry globes of liquid light are swimming earthward one by one.' This was rather too far-fetched for Charley. All he could say in his usual haw-haw style was: 'Ah — yes — vewy good — just as if there was some fellow up there lighting 'em up one after another, you know.'"

"You are as bad as Mr. Drummond," said Clunie disdainfully, and with that she flounced away to the other end of the seat.

Neither of them spoke for full five minutes. Then Elma said: "Clunie!" Her cousin took no notice; so, after waiting a minute, she said coaxingly: "Clunie, dear!"

"What do you want?" asked Clunie ungraciously.

"I want to ask your advice, dear."

"My advice, Elma?" answered her cousin, turning half round. "You know you are always welcome to that. I only wish you would follow it more frequently."

"A friend of mine," began Elma, keeping her eyes studiously fixed on her embroidery — "a girl whom I knew at school, has lately got married to some one very much below her in position; but they love each other very devotedly. Her husband is a clerk in the City, with a salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and they live in apartments. My friend has written to me to go and see her. What would you do, if you were me?"

"Do? Why, drop her acquaintance, of course. Take no more notice of her letter than if you had never received it. If people will so far forget what they owe to themselves and others as to marry clerks on a hundred and fifty pounds a year, they must take the consequences."

"There would be no harm in my going to see her just for once?"

"I've no patience with you, Elma. If I had a sister, and she were to forget herself as your friend has, I would never speak to her again as long as I lived." With these words, Clunie calmly resumed her reading.

"So that is what I may expect from my friends when I marry Dick," mused Elma, with a bright, defiant look in her eyes. "'Drop her, of course.' Well if they can do without me, I can do without them."

At this moment, Mrs. Pebworth appeared in the veranda, her kind, homely face looking somewhat red and flustered. Dick, perceiving her from where he sat, started to his feet. "Aunt, where are you going to sit?" he cried. "Come and keep me company." He drew up another chair, and she sat down beside him. "What is the matter?" he asked. "You look worried."

"It's them pickles. What a trouble they are! They won't turn out as green as they ought."

"Why don't you leave all those things to the servants?"

"Servants indeed! I'm surprised at you, nephew. A pretty mess they would make of them. I think there must be an eclipse somewhere about. My grandmother used to say that whenever there's an eclipse of the moon, it's sure to turn your pickles yellow."

"Remarkable woman, your grandmother," responded Dick sententiously.

"That she was. It was she who taught me to milk, and I was christened after her — Betsy. Yes, my dear boy" — lowering her voice — "my husband calls me Leonora because it sounds aristocratic; but my maiden name was Betsy Clegg; my father was a dairyman at Peckham Rye, and I used to have six cows to milk every morning of my life."

"I've a great respect for cows. Fine institution, very."

At this moment the heat of the argument that was being sustained in Mr. Pebworth's party caused Mr. Dempsey to elevate his voice somewhat. Mrs. Pebworth and Dick turned to listen. He was addressing Dyson. "I tell you, sir," he said with emphasis, "that my friend so far succeeded in eliminating the natural ferocity of this particular tiger, that the animal's greatest pleasure was to eat macaroons from the extended hand of his master."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dyson sarcastically. "A remarkable story, truly! Now, when I was in the Punjab —"

Mr. Dempsey was seized with a sudden fit of sneezing, while Mr. Pebworth swept his letters and papers together and rose from his seat.

"Dear me, dear me, I had no idea it was so late," remarked Pebworth, after

consulting his watch. "And I have several letters to send off by the forenoon post." He moved slowly away. "Leonora, my love, I want you," he said to his wife in his most dulcet tones, as he passed her and Dick on his way to the house.

"Now, what can Algernon want me for?" remarked Mrs. Pebworth to Dick. "There's something wrong; I know there is, by the way he spoke to me." She said no more, but followed her husband into the house.

"It strikes me," muttered Dick to himself as he looked after them, "that Mr. Algernon Pebworth is one of those by no means uncommon characters — a philanthropist abroad, but a bully at home."

Mr. Dempsey had risen, and was getting his letters and papers together. "I can't stand that Punjab story again," he said below his breath.

Miss Deene had crossed to a rosebush and was selecting a flower. "Mr. Dempsey, I challenge you to a game of croquet," she called out with a mischievous glance at the old beau.

"Only too charmed, Miss Deene," he answered with a grimace; "but there's a sort of clever stupidity about croquet that I have never been quite able to master."

"It is never well to abuse what you don't understand, Mr. Dempsey."

"If Miss Deene will allow me," said Dyson, rising with alacrity.

"Only too delighted, Captain Dyson."

"Dyson has quite a genius for croquet," sneered Dempsey.

"Some people have no genius for anything," remarked Miss Deene with the most innocent air imaginable.

She and Dyson strolled off together towards the croquet lawn, the last words conveyed to those who were left behind being: "When I was in the Punjab, Miss Deene" — the rest was lost in the distance.

"Horrid flirt!" exclaimed Clunie spitefully, as her eyes followed her cousin. "I must rescue the little captain from her clutches at any cost."

Mr. Dempsey crossed the lawn, and went in-doors with a very sour look on his face.

Clunie and Dick were left alone.

No sooner did Clunie Pebworth find herself alone with Mr. Drummond, than she proceeded to peep at him round a clump of evergreens. He was leaning back in his chair in his favorite attitude, with his hat tilted over his eyes. "He can't really be asleep," said Clunie to herself. "Not three minutes ago he was

talking to mamma." She strolled slowly towards him, humming a little air under her breath, and swinging her straw hat in one hand with an air of engaging innocence. She was passing close to him, when suddenly she shrieked, started, and nearly fell into his arms. "The wasp!" she cried — "the horrid wasp!"

Dick opened his eyes, sprang to his feet, swung Clunie into the chair in which he had been sitting, and kissed her as he did so. "Eh! What? Wasp! Where? Beg pardon. Temptation too much for me. But cousins may kiss. Provided for in the Prayer-book, you know."

"You are a horrid man," retorted Clunie with a pout.

"I know I am a horrid man; only you needn't remind me of the fact. But where's that marauding wasp?"

"Gone. It went sailing away over the shrubbery."

"I don't think it wanted to sting you, Clunie; only to sip the honey of your lips. I don't blame that wasp." He sat down on a chair beside her. "What have you here?" he asked, taking a book from her unresisting fingers.

"A beautiful volume. Piljamb's 'Affinities of the Soul.' But you don't care for poetry."

"How do you know that? In any case, I'm open to conversion. Good gracious! what's this?" He had opened the book at random, and he now read out the two following lines: —

Each soul is wedded ere it comes to earth;
Somewhere in space its other half is waiting.

"I've often heard that marriages are made in heaven," remarked Dick; "but I never knew till now that we are married before we are born. What a frightful idea!"

"You misapprehend the poet's meaning, Cousin Frank. But perhaps you have never studied the doctrine of elective affinities — of spiritual unions anterior to our mortal birth?"

"Can't say that I have. But how easily one might perpetrate bigamy without knowing it!"

"Mark how splendidly the poem opens!" exclaimed Clunie with well-feigned enthusiasm. Then she began to declaim: —

Soft lapsing languors of the lonely shore,
White Aphrodite rising through the waves,
Sweet solemn strains heard once, and then no more,

A madd'ning crowd that creep through Mem'-ry's moaning caves.

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"Vastly pretty," said Dick, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. "Memory's moaning caves is especially fine. But what does it all mean?"

"Ah, Cousin Frank, I'm afraid you have no soul for poetry."

"That must be the reason why I'm so prosy."

"It is quite evident that you have never been in love."

"I believe I am very much in love — with myself; and I once had a thoroughbred bull-terrier that I all but adored."

"And yet there must be a sympathetic chord in your bosom."

"I'm glad it's not round my neck."

"A chord that needs only to be touched by love's rosy fingers to discourse earth's sweetest music."

"Good gracious!"

"But music that will some day be addressed to another — music that will never be heard by me."

"So much the better for you, Clunie; and if I were you I would try to find some sweeter strain elsewhere," said Dick not unkindly. "There's Captain Dyson, for instance, who was making eyes at you over the breakfast table. He is young, rich, spooney — why not try to find a sympathetic chord in *his* bosom? Who knows but that he may have a soul which is pining vainly for its other half, and that you, *ma belle cousine*, may have that other half which alone can make the fierce captain happy?" He changed his tone abruptly. "Ah, here comes Drummond," he said drily.

"That odious Mr. Drummond! He's always to be found where he's not wanted," cried Clunie petulantly. Then putting on a dignified air, she added: "I thank you for your candor, Cousin Frank. Some day, perhaps, you will understand me better." She turned abruptly into a side walk as she said these words. "I may as well go in search of the captain at once," she murmured under her breath.

Frobisher came slowly forward. He looked very much better in health than when we last saw him. He was soberly dressed in a black frock-coat and gray trousers.

"I hope I have not interrupted your *tête-à-tête*," he said to Dick as soon as Clunie had disappeared.

"Not at all. I'm glad you came when you did. Mademoiselle Clunie has been doing another little 'try-on.' She either can't or won't see how useless such attempts are."

"And yet she's sharp enough in most things."

"She's acting on the old man's orders, I suspect."

"Probably so. What a hypocrite he is!"

"What about the Patent Ozone Company?" queried Dick.

"As 'bogus' as several of the other concerns he is mixed up with."

"Dempsey and Dyson have both promised to invest."

"Do them good to burn their fingers for once. Make them more wide-awake for the future."

"Do you wish me to invest?" asked Dick.

"You may do so," replied Frank, "to the extent of a couple of thousands."

"But you will lose your money."

"We must delay giving the cheque for a few days. Meanwhile —"

"Yes — meanwhile?"

"The crisis may come. I'm going to put Pebworth to the proof before many days are over."

"To the proof?"

"If he's the rogue I suspect him to be," said Frank, "he will succumb to the temptation I shall put before him; and then, woe be to him!"

"But if not?"

"In that case, he will denounce me as a rogue, and advise you to have me kicked out of the house."

"And then will come the crisis?"

"Exactly."

"I shan't be sorry," said Dick whimsically, and drawing a long breath.

"Why?"

"I'm getting tired of the berth. There's too much expected of a fellow. The man who earns two pounds a week can afford to be his own master; but the man with eight thousand pounds a year is everybody's slave."

"You must pay the penalty of the position," said Frobisher with a smile.

"Bother the position! say I. Give me impecuniosity and independence. Wayland is by far and away too grand a place for me. Before I have been here six months, I shall be pining for my two-pair back in Soho; for my old black meersch-chaum, my brushes and palette; and for Polly Larcom to fetch me my stout-and-bitter every morning at eleven."

Dick rose, yawned, and stretched his lanky person. "By-the-by," he went on, "that letter you handed to me this morning was from Bence Leyland. It had been sent on from our old lodgings."

"And what does the dear old boy say?"

"Nothing of importance. Best wishes to you, of course, but apparently has not heard of your good fortune. Expects to be in town in the course of a few weeks. Was glad to see that notice in the *Parthenon* of my picture in the Dudley Gallery, and hopes it may be the means of bringing me a customer."

At this moment, a servant in livery came up to Dick. "A deputation to see you, sir, about the almshouses at Puddlecombe Regis," he said.

Mr. Drummond groaned. "This will be the third deputation within the last ten days." Then turning to the servant, he added: "Tell the gentlemen that I will be with them in a few minutes."

"What have you to be afraid of, man alive?" asked Frank with a laugh. "Promise them to give the matter your best consideration, and get rid of them in that way."

Dick merely shook his head, and without another word, marched off towards the house with a gloomy and preoccupied air.

Frobisher sat down on a garden-chair, and drawing a letter from his pocket, he read it carefully through for the second or third time. His face darkened as he read. "It was a happy thought to put Mr. Gimp's confidential clerk Whiffles on the track of my respected uncle," he muttered to himself as he put away the letter. "But the reality proves to be even worse than I suspected; the shadows of the picture are blacker than I thought they were. And he would inveigle his sister's son — the nephew to whom he professes to be so devoted — into the net in which he has already enmeshed so many victims! O hypocrite! rogue and hypocrite! Not much longer shall the blow be delayed."

From The Leisure Hour.

SKETCHES IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD,

AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," "UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IT is strange that I should have written thus far* and have said nothing at all about the people from whom this penin-

* ERRATUM. — In chapter ii., page 238, for £260, read \$260.

sula derives its name, who have cost us not a little blood and some treasure, with whom our relations are by no means well-defined or satisfactory, and who, if not the actual aborigines of the country, have at least that claim to be considered its rightful owners which comes from long centuries of possession. In truth, between English rule, the solid tokens of Dutch possession, the quiet and indolent Portuguese, the splendid memories of Francis Xavier, and the numerical preponderance, success, and wealth of the Chinese, I had absolutely forgotten the Malays, even though a dark-skinned military policeman, with a gliding, snake-like step, whom I know to be a Malay, brings my afternoon tea to the Stadt-haus! Of them I may write more hereafter. They are symbolized to people's minds in general by the dagger called a *kris*, and by the peculiar form of frenzy which has given rise to the phrase "running amuck."

The great coco groves are by no means solitary, for they contain the *kampongs*, or small raised villages of the Malays. Though the Malay builds his dismal little mosques on the outskirts of Malacca, he shuns the town, and prefers a life of freedom in his native jungles, or on the mysterious rivers which lose themselves among the mangrove swamps. So in the neighborhood of Malacca these kampongs are scattered through the perpetual twilight of the forest. They build the houses very close together, and whether of rich or poor the architecture is the same. Each dwelling is of planed wood or plaited palm-leaves, the roof is high and steep, the eaves are deep, and the whole rests on a gridiron platform, supported on posts, from five to ten feet high, and approached by a ladder in the poorer houses and a flight of steps in the richer. In the ordinary houses mats are laid here and there over the gridiron, besides the sleeping-mats; and this plan of an open floor, though trying to unaccustomed Europeans, has various advantages. As, for instance, it ensures ventilation, and all *débris* can be thrown through it, to be consumed by the fire which is lighted every evening beneath the house to smoke away the mosquitos. A baboon, trained to climb the coco-palms and throw down the nuts, is an inmate of many of the houses. The people lead strange, uneventful lives. The men are not inclined to much effort except in fishing or hunting, and, where they possess rice-land, in ploughing for rice. They are said to be quiet, temperate, jealous, suspicious, some

say treacherous, and most bigoted Mussulmen. The women are very small, keep their dwellings very tidy, and weave mats and baskets from reeds and palm-leaves. They are clothed in cotton or silk from the ankles to the throat, and the men, even in the undress of their own homes, usually wear the *sarong*, a picturesque, tightish petticoat, consisting of a wide piece of stuff kept on by a very ingenious knot. They are not savages in the ordinary sense, for they have a complete civilization of their own, and their legal system is that of the Koran. They are dark brown, with rather low foreheads, dark and somewhat expressionless eyes, high cheek-bones, flattish noses with broad nostrils, and wide mouths with thick lips. Their hair is black, straight, and shining, and the women dress it in a plain knot at the back of the head. To my thinking both sexes are decidedly ugly, and there is a coldness and aloofness of manner about them which chills one even where they are on friendly terms with Europeans, as the people whom we visited were with Mrs. Biggs.

The women were lounging about the houses, some cleaning fish, others pounding rice; but they do not care for work, and the little money which they need for buying clothes they can make by selling mats or jungle fruits. Their lower garment, or *sarong*, reaching from the waist to the ankles, is usually of red cotton of a small check, with stripes in the front, above which is worn a loose-sleeved garment called a *kabaya*, reaching to the knees, and clasped in front with gold, and frequently with diamond ornaments. They also wear gold or silver pins in their hair, and the *sarong* is girt or held up by a clasp of enormous size and often of exquisite workmanship, in the poorer class of silver, and in the richer of gold jewelled with diamonds and rubies. The *sarong* of the men does not reach much below the knee, and displays loose trousers. They wear above it a short-sleeved jacket, the *baju*, beautifully made, and often very tastefully decorated in fine needlework, and with small buttons on each side, not for use, however. I have seen one Malay who wore about twenty buttons, each one a diamond solitaire! The costume is completed by turbans or red handkerchiefs tied round their heads. In these forest kampongs the children, who are very pretty, are not encumbered by much clothing, specially the boys. All the dwellings are picturesque, and those of the richer Malays are beautiful. They

rigidly exclude all ornaments which have "the likeness of anything in heaven or earth," but their arabesques are delicately carved, and the verses from the Koran, which occasionally run under the eaves, being in the Arabic character, are decidedly decorative. Their kampongs are small, and they have little of the gregarious instinct; they are said to live happily, and to have a considerable amount of domestic affection. Captain Shaw likes the Malays, and the verdict on them here is that they are chaste, gentle, honest, and hospitable, but that they tell lies, and that their "honor" is so sensitive that blood alone can wipe out some insults to it. They seclude their women to a great extent, and under ordinary circumstances the slightest courtesy shown by a European man to a Malay woman would be a deadly insult, and at the sight of a man in the distance the women hastily cover their faces.

There is a large mosque with a minaret just on the outskirts of Malacca, and we passed several smaller ones in the space of three miles. Scarcely any kampong is so small as not to have a mosque. The Malays are bigoted, and for the most part ignorant and fanatical Mohammedans, and I firmly believe that the Englishman whom they respect most is only a little removed from being "a dog of an infidel." They are really ruled by the law of the Koran, and except when the *kali*, who interprets the law, decides (which is very rarely the case) contrary to equity, the British magistrate confirms his decision. In fact Mohammedan law and custom rule in civil causes, and the *imaum* of the mosque assists the judge with his advice. The Malays highly appreciate the manner in which law is administered under English rule, and the security they enjoy in their persons and property, so that they can acquire property without risk, and accumulate and wear the costliest jewels even in the streets of Malacca without fear of robbery or spoliation. This is by no means to write that the Malays love us, for I doubt whether the *entente cordiale* between any of the dark-skinned Oriental races and ourselves is more than skin-deep. It is possible that they prefer being equitably taxed by us, with the security which our rule brings, to being plundered by native princes, but we do not understand them, or they us, and where they happen to be Mohammedans, there is a gulf of contempt and dislike on their part which is rarely bridged by amenities on ours. The pilgrimage to

Mecca is the great object of ambition. Many Malays, in spite of its expense and difficulties, make it twice, and even three times. We passed three women clothed in white from head to foot, their drapery veiling them closely, leaving holes for their eyes. These had just returned from Mecca.

The picturesqueness of the drive home was much heightened by the darkness and the brilliancy of the fires underneath the Malay houses. The great grey buffalo which they use for various purposes — and which, though I have written grey, is as often pink — has a very thin and sensitive skin, and is almost maddened by mosquitos; and we frequently passed fires lighted in the jungle, with these singular beasts standing or lying close to them in the smoke, while Malays in red sarongs and handkerchiefs, and pretty brown children scarcely clothed at all, lounged in the firelight. Then Chinese lamps and lanterns, and the sound of what passes for music; then the refinement and brightness of the government bungalow, and at ten o'clock my chair with three bearers, and the solitude of the lonely *Stadt-haus*.

Malacca fascinates me more and more daily. There is, among other things, a mediævalism about it. The noise of the modern world reaches it only in the faintest echoes; its sleep is almost dreamless, its sensations seem to come out of books read in childhood. Thus, the splendid corpse of a royal tiger has been brought in in a buffalo-cart, the driver claiming the reward of fifteen dollars, and its claws were given to me. It was trapped only six miles off, and its beautiful feline body had not had time to stiffen. Even when dead, with its fierce head and cruel paws hanging over the end of the cart, it was not an object to be disrespected. The same reward is offered for a rhinoceros, five dollars for a crocodile (alligator?), and five dollars for a boa-constrictor or python. Lately, at five in the morning, a black tiger (panther?) came down the principal street of Malacca, tore a Chinaman in pieces, and then, scared by a posse of police in pursuit, jumped through a window into a house. Every door in the city was barred, as the rumor spread like wildfire. The policemen very boldly entered the house, but the animal pinned the Malay corporal to the wall. The second policeman, a white man, alas! ran away. The third, a Malay, at the risk of his life, went close up to the tiger, shot him, and beat him over the head with the

butt of his rifle, which made the beast let go the corporal and turn on him, but fortunately he had scarcely got hold of him when he fell dead. The corporal is just coming out of hospital, almost completely paralyzed, to be taken care of for the rest of his life, and the man who rescued him has got promotion and a pension. A short time ago a fine young tiger was brought alive to Captain Shaw, and he ordered a proper cage to be made, in which to send him to England, telling Babu, the "double hadji," to put it into the "go-down" in its bamboo cage; but the man lazily put it into the kitchen, and in the morning the cage was found broken to pieces, the kitchen shutters torn down, and the tiger gone! There was a complete panic in Malacca; people kept their houses shut, and did not dare to go out even on business, and not only was the whole police force turned out in pursuit, but the English garrison. It was some days before the scare subsided, and the people believed that the beast had escaped to its natural home in the jungle.

A tropical thunderstorm of the most violent kind occurred yesterday, when I was quite alone in the Stadt-haus. The rain fell in sheets, deluges, streams, and the lightning flashed perfectly blue through a "darkness which could be felt." There is a sort of grandeur about this old Dutch Stadt-haus, with its tale of two centuries. Its smooth lawns sloping steeply to the sea are now brilliant with the gaudy parrot-like blossoms of the "flower of the forest," the gorgeous *Poinciana regia*, with which they are studded. Malacca is such a rest after the crowds of Japan and the noisy hurry of China! Its endless afternoon remains unbroken except by the dreamy, colored, slow-moving Malay life which passes below the hill. There is never any hurry or noise.

So had I written without prescience! The night of the awful silence which succeeded the thunderstorm was also the eve of the Chinese New Year, and Captain Shaw gave permission for "fireworks" from 7 P.M. till midnight. The term "fireworks" received a most liberal construction. The noise was something awful, and as it came into the lonely Stadt-haus, and red, blue, crimson, and greenish-yellow glares at short intervals lighted up the picturesque Malacca stream and its blue and yellow houses, with steep, red-tiled roofs and balconies and quaint projections, and the streets were traced in fire and smoke, while crackers,

squibs, and rockets went off in hundreds, and cannon, petards, and *gingalls* were fired incessantly, and gongs, drums, and tomtoms were beaten, the sights, and the ceaseless, tremendous, universal din made me imagine the final assault on a city in old days. At 1 A.M. every house being decorated and illuminated, the Chinese men began to make their New Year's calls, and at six the din began again. After breakfast the governor drove out in state to visit the leading Chinese merchants, with whom he is on terms of the most cordial amity, and at each house was offered two dishes of cake, twelve dishes of candied and preserved fruits, mandarin tea (the price of this luxury is from 25s. to 35s. a pound), and champagne from the finest Rhenish vineyards! At eleven all the Chinese children came forth in carriages shaped like boats, turned up at both ends, painted red and yellow, and with white-fringed canopies over them. These were drawn by servants, and in the case of the wealthy, a train of servants accompanied each carriage. It was a sight worthy of a fabled age. The wealth of the East in all its gorgeousness was poured out upon these dignified and solemn infants, who wore coronals of gold and diamonds, stuffs of cloth-of-gold brocade, and satin sewn with pearls, and whose cloth-of-gold shoes flashed with diamonds!

During the morning four children of a rich Chinese merchant, attended by a train of Chinese and Malay servants, came to see Mrs. Shaw. There were a boy and girl of five and six years old, and two younger children. A literal description of their appearance reads like fiction. The girl wore a yellow petticoat of treble satin (mandarin color) with a broad box pleat in front and behind, exquisitely embroidered with flowers in shades of blue silk, with narrow box pleats between, with a trail of blue silk flowers on each. Over this there was a short robe of crimson brocaded silk, with a broad border of cream-white satin, with the same exquisite floral embroidery in shades of blue silk. Above this was a tippet of three rows of embroidered lozenge-shaped "tabs" of satin. The child wore a crown on her head, the basis of which was black velvet. At the top was an aigrette of diamonds of the purest water, the centre one as large as a fourpenny-piece. Solitaires flashing blue flames blazed all over the cap, and the front was ornamented with a dragon in fine filigree work in red Malay gold set with diamonds. I fear to be

thought guilty of exaggeration when I write that this child wore seven necklaces, all of gorgeous beauty. The stones were all cut in facets at the back, and highly polished, and their beauty was enhanced by the good taste and skilful workmanship of the setting. The first necklace was of diamonds, set as roses and crescents, some of them very large, and all of great brilliancy; the second of emeralds, a few of which were as large as acorns, but spoilt by being pierced; the third of pearls, set whole; the fourth of hollow filigree beads in red gold; the fifth of sapphires and diamonds; the sixth a number of finely-worked chains of gold with a pendant of a gold filigree fish set with diamonds; the seventh (what they all wore), a massive gold chain, which looked heavy enough even by itself to weigh down the fragile little wearer, from which depended a gold shield, on which the Chinese characters forming the child's name were raised in rubies, with fishes and flowers in diamonds round it, and at the back a god in rubies similarly surrounded. Magnificent diamond earrings and heavy gold bracelets completed the display.

And all this weight of splendor, valued at the very least at forty thousand dollars, was carried by a frail human mite barely four feet high, with a powdered face, gentle, pensive expression, and quiet grace of manner, who came forward and most winsomely shook hands with us, as did all the other grave, gentle mites. They were also loaded with gold and diamonds. Some sugar-plums fell on the floor, and as the eldest girl stooped to pick them up, diamond solitaires fell out of her hair, which were gathered up by her attendants as if they were used to such occurrences. Whenever she moved her diamonds flashed, scintillated, and gave forth their blue light. Then came the children of the richest Chinaman in Malacca, but the dear little gentle creatures were motherless, and mourning for a mother lasts three years, so they were dressed in plain blue and white, and as ornaments wore only very beautiful sapphires and diamonds set in silver.

It must not be supposed that the Chinese New Year is a fixed, annual holiday lasting a day, as in Scotland and to a minor extent in England. In Canton a month ago active preparations were being made for it, and in Japan nine weeks ago. It is a "movable feast," and is regulated by "the date on which the new moon falls nearest to the day on which the sun

reaches the fifteenth degree of Aquarius," and falls this year on January 22nd. Everything becomes cheap before it, for shopkeepers are anxious to realize ready money at any loss, for it is imperative that all accounts be closed by the last day of the old year, on pain of a man being disgraced, losing all hope of getting credit, and of having his name written up on his door as a defaulter. It appears also that debts which are not settled by New Year's eve cannot thereafter be recovered, though it is lawful for a creditor who has vainly hunted a debtor throughout that last night to pursue him for the first hours after daybreak, provided he still carries a lantern!

The festival lasts a fortnight, and is a succession of feasts and theatrical entertainments, everybody's object being to cast care and work to the winds. Even the official seals of the mandarins are formally and with much rejoicing sealed up and laid aside for one month. On the 20th day of the twelfth month houses and temples are thoroughly washed and cleaned, rich and poor decorate with cloth-of-gold, silk embroideries, rich artificial flowers, plants, banners, scrolls, lucky characters, illuminated strips of paper, bunches of gilt-paper flowers, and even the poorest coolie contrives to greet the festival with some natural blossom. There is no rest either by night or day, joss-sticks burn incessantly, and lamps before the ancestral tablets, gongs are beaten, gingsalls fire incessantly, and great crackers like cartridges, fastened together in rows, are let off at intervals before every door to frighten away evil spirits; there are family banquets of wearisome length, feasts to the household gods, offerings in the temples, processions in the streets by torch and lantern light, presents are given to the living, and offerings to the dead, the poor are feasted, and the general din is heightened by messengers perambulating the streets with gongs calling guests to the different banquets. When the fortnight of rejoicing is over its signs are removed, and after the outbreak of extravagant expenditure the Chinese return to their quiet, industrious habits and frugal ways.

Just as this brilliant display left the room, a figure in richer coloring of skin appeared — Babu, the head servant, in his beautiful hadji dress. He wore white full trousers, drawn in tightly at the ankles over black shoes, but very little of these trousers showed below a long, fine-linen tunic of spotless white, with a girdle

of orange silk. Over this was a short jacket of rich green silk, embroidered in front with green of the same color, and over all a pure white robe falling from the shoulders. The turban was a Mecca turban of many yards of soft white silk, embroidered in white silk. It was difficult to believe that this gorgeous Mussulman, in the odor of a double sancity, with his scornful face and superb air, can so far demean himself as to wait on "dogs of infidels" at dinner, or appear in my room at the Stadt-haus with matutinal tea and bananas!

This magnificence heralded the Datu Klana, the reigning prince of the native state of Sungei Ujong, his principal wife, and his favorite daughter, a girl of twelve. It had been decided that I was to go to Sungei Ujong, and that I was to be escorted by Mr. Hayward, the superintendent of police, but, unfortunately, I was to go up in the Datu Klana's absence, and one object of his visit was to express his regret. This prince has been faithful to British interests, and is on most friendly terms with the resident, Captain Murray, and the governor of Malacca. During his visit Babu interpreted, but Miss Shaw, who understands Malay, said that, instead of interpreting faithfully, he was making enormous demands on my behalf! At all events, Syed Abdurahman, with truly exaggerated Oriental politeness, presented me with the key of his house in the interior.

This prince is regarded by British officials as an enlightened ruler, though he is a rigid Mussulman. His dress looked remarkably plain beside that of the splendid Babu. He wore a Malay bandana handkerchief round his head, knotted into a peak, a rich brocade baju, or short jacket, a dark Manila sarong, trousers of mandarin satin striped with red, a girdle-clasp set with large diamonds, and sandals with jewelled cloth-of-gold straps. His wife, though elderly and decidedly plain-looking, has a very pleasing expression. She wore a black veil over her head, and her *kabaya*, or upper garment, was fastened with three diamond clasps. The bright little daughter wore a green veil, with gold stars upon it, over her head, and ornaments of rich red gold elaborately worked. The Datu Klana apologized for the extreme plainness of their dress by saying that they had only just arrived, and that they had called before changing their travelling-clothes. When they departed the two ladies threw soft silk shawls over their heads, and held

them so as to cover their faces except their eyes.

There are now fifty thousand Malays in the British territory of Malacca,* and the number is continually increased by fugitives from the system of debt-slavery which prevails in some of the adjacent states, and by immigration from the same states of Malays who prefer the security which British rule affords. The police force is Malay, and it seems as if the Malays had a special aptitude for this semi-military service, for they not only form the well-drilled protective forces of Malacca, Sungei Ujong, and Salangor, but that fine body of police in Ceylon of which Mr. George Campbell has so much reason to be proud. Otherwise very few of them enter British employment, greatly preferring the easy, independent life of their forest kampongs.

The commercial decay of Malacca is a very interesting fact. Formerly fifty merchantmen were frequently anchored in its roads at one time. Here the Portuguese fleet lay which escorted Xavier from Goa, and who can say how many galleons freighted with the red gold of Ophir lay on these quiet waters? Now, Chinese junks, Malay prahus, a few Chinese steamers, steam-launches from the native states, and two steamers which call in passing, make up its trade. There is neither newspaper, banker, hotel, nor resident English merchant. The half-caste descendants of the Portuguese are, generally speaking, indolent, degraded with the degradation which is born of indolence, and proud. The Malays dream away their lives in the jungle, and the Chinese are really the ruling population.

The variety of races here produces a ludicrous effect sometimes. In the Stadt-haus one never knows who is to appear — whether Malay, Portuguese, Chinaman, or Madrassee. Yesterday morning, at six, the Chinaman who usually "does" my room glided in murmuring something unintelligible, and on my not understanding him, brought in a Portuguese interpreter. At seven came in the Madrassee, Babu, with a cluster of bananas, and after him two Malays in red sarongs, who brushed and dusted all my clothes as slowly as they could — men of four races in attendance before I was up in the morning! This Chinese attendant, besides being a common coolie in brown cotton

* So I was told, but as the returns of the population of Malacca were not furnished in time for publication in the Colonial Office List for 1882, this estimate cannot be safely relied upon. — L. L. B.

shirt over a brown cotton pair of trousers, is not a good specimen of his class, and is a great nuisance to me. My doors do not bolt properly, and he appears in the morning while I am in my *holoku*, writing, and slowly makes the bed and kills mosquitos, then takes one gown after another from the rail, and stares at me till I point to the one I am going to wear, which he holds out in his hands; and though I point to the door, and say "Go!" with much emphasis, I never get rid of him, and have to glide from my *holoku* into my gown with a most unwilling dexterity.

Two days ago Captain Shaw declared that "pluck should have its reward," and that I should have facilities for going to Sungei Ujong. Yesterday he asked me to take charge of his two treasured daughters. Then Babu said, "If young ladies go, me go," and we are to travel under the efficient protection of Mr. Hayward, the superintendent of police. This expedition excites great interest in the little Malacca world. This native state is regarded as "parts unknown;" the governor has never visited it, and there are not wanting those who shake their heads and wonder that he should trust his girls in a region of tigers, crocodiles, rogue elephants, and savages! The little steam-launch "Moosmee" (in reality by far the greatest risk of all) has been brought into the stream below the Stadt-haus, ready for an early start to-morrow; and a runner has been sent to the resident to prepare him for such an unusual incursion into his solitudes.

Sempang Police-station.

(At the junction of the Loboh-Chena and Linggi rivers, Territory of the Datu Klana of Sungei Ujong, Malay Peninsula.)

Jan. 24. 1 P.M. Mercury, 87°.

We left Malacca at seven this morning in the small, unseaworthy, untrustworthy, unrigged steam-launch "Moosmee," and after crawling for some hours at a speed of about five miles an hour along brown and yellow shores with a broad dark belt of palms above them, we left the waveless, burning sea behind, and after a few miles of tortuous steaming through the mangrove swamps of the Linggi River, landed here to wait for sufficient water for the rest of our journey.

This is a promontory covered with coco-palms, bananas, and small jungle growths. On either side are small rivers densely bordered by mangrove swamps. The first sight of a real mangrove swamps is an event. This *mangi-mangi*

of the Malays (the *Rhizophora mangil* of botanists) has no beauty. All along this coast, within access of tidal waters, there is a belt of it many miles in breadth, dense, impenetrable, from forty to fifty feet high, or as nearly level as may be, and of a dark, dull green. At low water the mangroves are seen standing close packed along the shallow and muddy shores on cradles or erections of their own roots five or six feet high, but when these are covered at high tide they appear to be growing out of the water. They send down roots from their branches, and all too quickly cover a large space. Crabs and other shellfish attach themselves to them, and aquatic birds haunt their slimy shades. They are huge breeding-grounds of alligators and mosquitos, and usually of malarial fevers, but from the latter the peninsula is very free. The seeds germinate while still attached to the branch. A long root pierces the covering and grows rapidly downwards from the heavy end of the fruit, which arrangement secures that when the fruit falls off the root shall at once become embedded in the mud. Nature has taken abundant trouble to ensure the propagation of this nearly worthless tree. Strange to say, its fruit is sweet and eatable, and from its fermented juice wine can be made. The mangrove swamp is to me an evil mystery.

Behind, the jungle stretches out — who can say how far, for no European has ever penetrated it? — and out of it rise, jungle-covered, the Rumbow Hills. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the royal tiger, the black panther, the boar, the leopard, and many other beasts, roam in its tangled twilight depths, but in this fierce heat they must be all asleep in their lairs. The Argus pheasant too, one of the loveliest birds of a region whose islands are the home of the bird of paradise, haunts the shade and the shade alone. In the jungle too, is the beautiful bantam fowl, the possible progenitor of all that useful race. The cobra, the python (?), the boa-constrictor, the viper, and at least fourteen other ophidians, are winding their loathsome and lissom forms through slimy jungle recesses; and large and small apes and monkeys, flying foxes, iguanas, lizards, peacocks, frogs, turtles, tortoises, alligators, besides tapirs, rarely seen, and the palandok or chevrotin, the hog deer, the spotted deer, and the sambré, may not be far off. I think that this part of the country, intersected by small, shallow, muddy rivers, running up through slimy mangrove swamps into a vast and impen-

etral jungle, must be like many parts of western Africa.

One cannot walk three hundred yards from this station, for there are no tracks. We are beyond the little territory of Malacca, but this bit of land was ceded to England after the "Malay disturbances" in 1875, and on it has been placed the Sempang police-station, a four-roomed shelter, roofed with *attap*, a thatch made of the fronds of the *nipah* palm, supported on high posts — an idea perhaps borrowed from the mangrove — and reached by a ladder. In this four Malay policemen and a corporal have dwelt for three years to keep down piracy. "Piracy," by which these rivers were said to be infested, is a very ugly word, suggestive of ugly deeds, bloody attacks, black flags, and no quarter; but here it meant a particular mode of raising revenue, and no boat could go up or down the Linggi without paying black-mail to one or more river rajahs.

Our wretched little launch, moored to a coco-palm, flies a blue ensign, and the Malay policemen wear an imperial crown upon their caps, both representing somewhat touchingly in this equatorial jungle the might of the small island lying far off amidst the fogs of the northern seas, and in this instance at least not her might only, but the security and justice of her rule.

Two or three canoes hollowed out of tree-trunks have gone up and down the river since we landed, each of the inward-bound being paddled by four men, who ply their paddles facing forwards, which always has an aboriginal look, those going down being propelled by single square sails made of very coarse matting. It is very hot and silent. The only sounds are the rustle of the palm-fronds and the sharp din of the cicada, abruptly ceasing at intervals.

In this primitive police-station the notices are in both Tamil and Arabic, but the reports are written in Arabic only. Soon after we sat down to drink fresh cocoa-nut milk, the great beverage of the country, a Malay bounded up the ladder and passed through us with the most rapid and feline movements I have ever seen in a man. His large, prominent eyes were fixed, tiger-like, on a rifle which hung on the wall, at which he darted, clutched it, and, with a feline leap, sprang through us again. I have heard much of *amok*-running lately, and have even seen the two-pronged fork which was used for pinning a desperate amok-runner to the wall, so that for a second I thought that

this Malay was "running amuck;" but he ran down towards Mr. Hayward, our escort, and I ran after him, just in time to see a large alligator plunge from the bank into the water. Mr. Hayward took a steady aim at the remaining one, and hit him, when he sprang partly up as if badly wounded, and then plunged into the river after his companion, staining the muddy water with his blood for some distance.

Police Station, Permatang Pasir.
Sungei Ujong, 5 P.M.

We are now in a native state, in the territory of the friendly Datu Klana, Syed Abdulrahman, and the policemen wear on their caps not an imperial crown but a crescent, with a star between its horns.

This is a far more adventurous expedition than we expected. Things are not going altogether as straight as could be desired, considering that we have the governor's daughters with us, who, besides being very precious, are utterly unseasoned and inexperienced travellers, quite unfit for "roughing it." For one thing, it turns out to be an absolute necessity for us to be out all night, which I am very sorry for, as one of the girls is suffering from the effects of exposure to the intense heat of the sun.

We left Sempang at two, the Miss Shaws reeling rather than walking to the launch. I cannot imagine what the mercury was in the sun, but the copper sheathing of the gunwale was too hot to be touched. Above Sempang the river narrowed and shoaled rapidly, and we had to crawl, taking soundings incessantly, and occasionally dragging heavily over mud banks. We saw a large alligator sleeping in the sun on the mud, with a mouth, I should think, a third of the length of his body; and as he did not wake as we panted past him, a rifle was loaded and we backed up close to him; but as Babu, who had the weapon, and had looked quite swaggering and belligerent so long as it was unloaded, was too frightened to fire, the saurian awoke, and his hideous form and corrugated hide plunged into the water so close under the stern as to splash us. After this alligators were so common, singly or in groups or in families, that they ceased to be exciting. It is difficult for anything to produce continuous excitement under this fierce sun, and conversation, which had been flagging before noon, ceased altogether. It was awfully hot in the launch, between fire and boiler heat and solar fury. I tried to keep cool by thinking of Mull, and powdery snow and frosty stars, but it

would not do. It was a solemn afternoon, as the white, unwinking sun looked down upon our silent party, on the narrow, turbid river, — silent too, except for the occasional plunge of an alligator or other water monster, — on mangrove swamps, and *nibong* palms, dense along the river-side, on the blue gleam of countless kingfishers, on slimy creeks arched over to within a few feet of their surface by grand trees with festoons of lianas, on an infinite variety of foliage, on an abundance of slender-shafted palms, on great fruits brilliantly colored, on wonderful flowers on the trees, on the *Hoya carnosa* and other waxen-leaved trailers matting the forest together and hanging down in great festoons, the fiery topic sunblaze stimulating all this over-production into perennial activity, and vivifying the very mud itself.

Occasionally we passed a canoe with a savage crouching in it fishing, but on no other trace of man, till an hour ago we came upon large coco groves, a considerable clearing in the jungle, and a very large Malayan-Chinese village with mosques, one on either side of the river, houses built on platforms over the water, large and small native boats covered and thatched with *attap*, roofed platforms on stilts, answering the purpose of piers, bathing-houses on stilts carefully secluded, all forming the (relatively) important village of Permatang Pasir.

Up to this time we had expected to find perfectly smooth sailing, as a runner was sent from Malacca to the resident yesterday. We supposed that we should be carried in chairs six miles through the jungle to a point where a gharrie could meet us, and that we should reach the Residency by nine to-night at the latest. On arriving at Sempang Mr. Hayward had sent a canoe to this place with instructions to send another runner to the resident; but

The best laid schemes of mice and men gang
aft a-gley.

The messenger seemed to have served no other purpose than to assemble the whole male population of Permatang Pasir on the shore — a sombre-faced throng, with an aloofness of manner and expression far from pleasing. The thatched piers were crowded with turbaned Mussulmen in their bajus or short jackets, full white trousers, and red sarongs or pleatless kilts — the boys dressed in silver fig-leaves and silver bangles only. All looked at our unveiled faces silently, and, as I thought, disapprovingly.

After being hauled up the pier with great difficulty, owing to the lowness of the water, we were met by two of the Datu Klana's policemen, who threw cold water on the idea of our getting on at all unless Captain Murray sent for us. These men escorted us to this police-station — a long walk through a lane of much-decorated shops, exclusively Chinese, succeeded by a lane of detached Malay houses, each standing in its own fenced and neatly sanded compound under the shade of coco-palms and bananas. The village paths are carefully sanded and very clean. We emerged upon the neatly sanded open space on which this barrack stands, glad to obtain shelter, for the sun is still fierce. It is a genuine Malay house on stilts; but where there should be an approach of eight steps there is only a steep ladder of three round rungs, up which it is not easy to climb in boots! There is a deep verandah under an attap roof of steep slope, and at either end a low bed for a constable, with the usual very hard circular Malay bolsters, with red silk ends, ornamented with gold and silk embroidery.

Besides this verandah there is only a sort of inner room, with just space enough for a table and four chairs. The wall is hung with rifles, krises, and handcuffs, with which a "Sam Slick" clock, an engraving from the *Graphic*, and some curious Turkish pictures of Stamboul, are oddly mixed up. Babu, the hadji, having recovered from a sulk into which he fell in consequence of Mr. Hayward having quizzed him for cowardice about an alligator, has made everything (our very limited everything) quite comfortable, and, with as imposing an air as if we were in Government House, asks us when we will have dinner! One policeman has brought us fresh cocoa-nut milk, another sits outside pulling a small punkah, and two more have mounted guard over us. This stilted house is the barrack of eleven Malay constables. Under it are four guns of light calibre, mounted on carriages, and outside is a gong on which the policemen beat the hours.

At the river we were told that the natives would not go up the shallow, rapid stream by night, and now the corporal says that no man will carry us through the jungle; that trees are lying across the track; that there are dangerous swamp holes; that though the tigers which infest the jungle never attack a party, we might chance to see their glaring eyeballs; that even if men could be bribed to undertake to carry us, they would fall with us, or

put us down and run away, for no better reason than that they caught sight of the "spectre bird" (the owl); and he adds, with a gallantry remarkable in a Mohammedan, that he should not care about Mr. Hayward, but "it would not do for the ladies." So we are apparently stuck fast, the chief cause for anxiety and embarrassment being that the youngest Miss Shaw is lying huddled up and shivering on one of the beds, completely prostrated by a violent sick headache brought on by the heat of the sun in the launch. She declares that she cannot move; but our experienced escort, who much fears bilious fever for her, is resolved that she shall as soon as any means of transit can be procured. Heretofore, I have always travelled "without encumbrance." Is it treasonable to feel at this moment that these fair girls are one?

From Good Words.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

THERE are no sadder landmarks, to prove to us the progress we are making through the afternoon of life, than the graves that appear one by one in our way, opening up at our very feet. In youth, perhaps, we lose as many friends, but the sensation is very different. It is the impassioned grief of personal loss and suffering, or it is the awe with which, out of our flush of life, we witness that silent withdrawal into the unknown, and cessation henceforward of all human sight or knowledge which is incredible till it happens, and even when it happens to another, impossible to realize as likely for ourselves. Later we are more callous, yet far more deeply interested. Our seniors have gone, we stand in the position in which our fathers stood, and it is our comrades who go on disappearing out of the ranks in which we all travel steadily towards that conclusion which every day comes more visibly to a measurable distance. We see the limit of our own horizon as we perceive beyond it how, one by one, our fellow-travellers pass beyond the verge.

There has been in England for many years no name that has been better known than that of Anthony Trollope. Out of the way, and almost closed to all outside intercourse must that house have been into which something from his hand did not tell among the pleasures and expecta-

tions of life, or furnish some material for talk, and the drawing forth of individual opinion. The creations of his fancy have been to many of us like friends familiarly known. We have discussed the actions and the motives of those airy nothings to whom he gave not only local habitation and a name, but many of the experiences and difficulties of existence, with a warmth and partisanship which ought to be ridiculous from a common-sense-point of view, but is not ridiculous at all, considering that half the persons we meet in life are less real and less interesting than these beings of the imagination. In this way the novelist becomes the acquaintance of all the world. We are thankful for his company not only when all is well with us, but when we are sick or sorry, and shut out less familiar friends. This is true even of the poorer professors of the art, but how much more of him in whose works there was always a true reflex of the actual existence in which he took a manful share—not that of a scholar in his study, but of a living and energetic member of the society he described. Mr. Trollope was no specialist, to use a word which has not much acceptance with the English mind, yet in literature has always given its professors a decided advantage. He was not a philosopher like George Eliot, nor a humorist like Thackeray. His mind did not concentrate upon any individual view of existence, nor was there that relation between the different parts of his work which some great novelists have aimed at. We might almost say that his selection of subjects was accidental, and that he took whatever came uppermost with a general sense of capacity to deal with what he took up, rather than a particular impulse within to search into the depths of human motive, or to discover its endless discrepancies and shortcomings. He was a story-teller rather than an analyst or moralist, although no man ever took more pains to show the way in which the mind justified to itself a certain course of action. Wherever he held his lantern there came into light within its circle a little world, a microcosm, with everything going on in little which goes on at large in the universe. Spots that had been dim before thus came into sight, all throbbing with life and motion. When he did concentrate the light the illumination was worth almost as much as the best, and Barchester comes in many points little short of the streets and booths of Vanity Fair. But though he did not always do this, he

was always capable at a moment's notice of clearing a little plot around him from out the undiscovered, and showing us groups as animated, as restless in their busy preoccupations, loving and hating and pursuing their personal objects with the ease and unconsciousness of real life.

It would be vain to calculate what Mr. Trollope might have done had he been shut up, by nature and circumstances, within one circle, and left us only the half-dozen stories which embody the history of Barsest, with the more careful elaboration which leisure and concentration would have given. Our own opinion is that every artist finds the natural conditions of his working, and that in doing what he has to do according to his natural lights he is doing the best which can be got from him. But it is hopeless to expect from the reader either the same attention or the same faith for twenty or thirty literary productions which he gives to four or five. The instinct of nature is against the prolific worker. In this way a short life, a limited period of activity, are much the best for art; and a long period of labor, occupied by an active mind and fertile faculties, tell against, and not for, the writer. It is a sort of foregone conclusion that the man who does little is likely to do that little better than the man who does much. Mr. Trollope has suffered from this natural and by no means unjustified prejudice. He has been discussed since his death with a certain condescension and careless praise, as if the industry and regularity which were so conspicuous in him, and which are so meritorious in a moral point of view, were his chief qualities. But those individual characteristics have in reality no more to do with the grounds upon which a true estimate of Mr. Trollope's genius is to be formed, than would have been the case had he been idle and irregular instead, turning day into night, and producing nothing except under the pressure of the printer's devil at the door. We have all heard of such in the history of literature, and curiously enough the public mind is more disposed to judge them favorably than it is to acknowledge the claims of those who pursue the literary profession with the same devotion and steadiness which is necessary in every other. We do not know how to account for the caprice of the ordinary standard on this point. In every other craft, however it may be dependent upon the higher gifts, the close and constant labor of the workman is put to the credit of his work. Not even the painter,

the nearest parallel we can think of, is expected to wait for special inspiration or damned with faint praise as "industrious" and "meritorious," because he works a certain number of hours a day. But up to the present moment this is still the familiar thing to say of Mr. Trollope. It might have been said of Scott, who, indeed, has gone through many phases of critical disapproval on the same ground — and in such company our story-teller need have little objection to go down to the judgment of posterity.

What posterity may say seems a thing of which no generation can justly judge, few things in the world being more remarkable than the way in which contemporary judgments are annulled, the lofty abased, and the lowly exalted by the progress of time and the gradual consolidation of human opinion. But we feel well assured that the group of novels upon which Mr. Trollope's fame chiefly rests will survive as one of the most complete and true pictures of English life in our age, from which our grandchildren may learn the fashion of our living. The "Chronicles of Barsest" are more true to general English society than had they been devoted to those impassioned and tragical impersonations of human character which give a higher poetic value to the works of one of Mr. Trollope's contemporaries, or to those extraordinary renderings of a typical form of the lower life which have made the fortune of another. The extraordinary force of such portraiture as that of Rosamond in "Middlemarch," or, in still higher lines, of Tito in "Romola," detracts by its very grandeur from the proportions of the surrounding groups, which would be more than human were they all capable of such heroic treatment. In the same way, though with a wonderful difference, Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp destroy the unity of any picture, by absorbing to themselves whenever they are present the attention of the reader, who takes up the books in which they appear, for them and not for any other qualities in the tale. Thus both on the higher and lower levels, these great writers, while furnishing what nobody but themselves could furnish, in the way of individual creation, are less fair and sound historians of English life in the general than the man whose lesser genius produced no such intense light, but shed an equable illumination upon the secondary heights and hollows, and set before us one with another the great and small, the common and the noble, the beautiful and the

homely, in subordination to the natural rules of perspective, and to those subduing and equalizing influences which make it possible for us to live with each other, and tranquilly side by side to carry on our different threads of existence. Mr. Trollope is perhaps unrivalled for this general landscape, the level of real life, in which no one towers disproportionately above his neighbors. We do not seek special scenes, or the development of special characters, when we return to the histories of the warden, the dean or the doctor, but pursue our way well pleased about the Barchester streets, glad to meet a familiar face round every corner; or set out into the country to visit Archdeacon Grantley at his rectory, or poor Mr. Crawley in his poor parsonage, with an untiring interest in everything, and pleasant recognition of all we meet. It is altogether different from the interest, either tragic or comic, which makes us see one figure everywhere, and passes with a little impatience through the less important surroundings to get to the central interest. In Mr. Trollope's books the interest is diffused throughout all, it quickens here and slackens there with a genuine and natural fluctuation; nobody will fail specially to remark Mr. Harding's delicate old figure in the road, the delightful, energetic bustle of the archdeacon, or that less excellent, because more conventional, but most popular of all, Mrs. Proudie, at the palace; but even their eminence does not make us at all indifferent to all the other innumerable human folk who inhabit the little episcopal town, and the fresh-breathing country with its muddy lanes and long distances. Even Thackeray, with his finer and more powerful touch, has not done just the same for the history of the age; for all his dealings are with society, the modes of which are more artificial and its laws more continuous. Old Lady Kew is so real that we know the very sound of her voice, and regard her with a mixture of affection and abhorrence, which is more genuine than our sentiments towards many of our most familiar friends, but there is not very much distinction between that wonderful old figure, and the old baroness of the early Georgian age, whom we meet in "The Virginians;" the species continues forever. And such is to a certain extent the case with all expositions of that fine mixture of the artificial and the savage, of hungry human self-interest and fictitious restraint, which is called society. But Barchester is as entirely the England

of our time as Bath in "Northanger Abbey" represents the England of Miss Austen's. The one picture is larger, not so delicate as the other, and they are as different in sentiment as in costume; but when the world is as far in advance of Trollope as we are now of Miss Austen, it is scarcely possible to doubt that the little cathedral town, with its dignitaries, the country parsonages, the poor clergy, the little social circles all about, will form as important a contribution to the history of the time as hers is to that of the beginning of the century: and it is difficult to say more for a novelist.

The note of defence, even of excuse, which creeps into what we say belongs to the fact that Mr. Trollope wrote a great deal besides, to which indeed the same words are applicable, but in a less satisfactory way. He produced many books of which it may be said that they were honest supply for a demand, on the best principles of political economy, executed with care and skill and transgressing no law of honorable work; characteristic too, yet on a very much lower level. Many of these we will willingly allow to drop back again into mother earth, and be seen no more, with no reproach to the writer if no glory. But the best of Anthony Trollope will be inscribed in the historic and social annals of the country, and will show our great-grandchildren many a characteristic picture of those days when Victoria was queen.

The readers of *Good Words* have had special links of connection with the friend whom we have all lost. Twenty years ago he began to contribute to these pages some of the short stories in which he was excellent. In 1863 there occurred an almost romantic episode in literature, when the first important story written by him for these pages was found unsuitable by our high-minded editor, Norman Macleod, and omitted, though at a large pecuniary sacrifice. Mr. Trollope was then at the height of his reputation, and it was a bold thing to do. But Dr. Macleod's courage and conscientious determination to admit nothing contrary to the principles of the periodical were in their way heroic. So far as we are aware the episode is unique in the history of periodical literature. Since then many a page from his hand has entertained our readers, and the last of his published stories had just appeared in *Good Words* when his life, too, ended; not without warning, nor prematurely, yet at an age when he was still in full vigor, and might still have lived, and rode, and

written, for many a day to come. It is curious to remember how recently he had played with the idea of an arbitrary conclusion to life at the age he just lived to reach, in the amusing and original chapter of imaginary history called the "Fixed Period." It was probably because he felt how little occasion there was for dying, and how well adapted a man was to enjoy life at sixty-seven, that he put forth at that age the elaborate scheme of the colonial legislator for the honorable extinction of existence; but the coincidence is curious. The great novelist is dead, at peace, and in honor with all men, leaving nothing behind him that is bitter or painful, but an honorable name, a reputation which there is every reason to believe will increase rather than diminish, and the example of a life full of useful exertion. He did much in his life to restore character and credit to the literary profession, while at the same time he was no mere writer, but a man thoroughly experimented in the world, and knowing the life which he illustrated. There is no Westminster Abbey for the novelist, but its roll contains many a less notable name than that of Anthony Trollope, who has in his generation been as much the faithful servant of England as if he had fought half a hundred battles.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE DAWN OF THE SPRING.

A SOFT, grey haze lies over the winter landscape, that looks wintry only because of the stripped appearance of the trees and the insight given by the leaflessness of the hedges into the domestic arrangements of last year's birds. For in sundry niches still hang curious black clumps that were once comfortable homes for thrushes and hedge-sparrows: looking at present much as a house looks after it has been for months uninhabited. In the tall trees opposite remain the deserted habitations of the rooks: which, being but a small colony, have joined another larger one some distance off; only returning here occasionally, as if to ascertain that their residences are yet in existence: for it is a curious fact that small colonies of rooks never face the winter alone, but invariably disappear from their summer haunts to join some larger company, separating from them once more as surely as the first break in the weather suggests the return of spring.

The winter is dissolving in tears, that hang in drops all along the branches of the trees; and the trees are already turning from the blackness that has been their hue so long to the clear brown that suggests the rising of the sap. One of the rooks has been standing on a great elm, gazing motionlessly at sundry very black sticks massed together, where doubtless he and his wife raised last year a fine family; but the old bird cannot make up his mind what to do. Something tells him that it is full early to begin to restore that dilapidated home of his: yet this soft, sweet-scented weather is surely spring; and it is as well to go with the times, even if one cannot quite understand them. So, with many misgivings, no doubt, he begins to think of restoring the structure. First he spends hours gazing at it; then he hops a little farther off, as if he were turning his back on temptation. Again he returns and looks at it once more, with his head on one side; keeping up a species of monologue all the time that is not responded to in the least by any of his companions, who are busy feasting on worms and other dainties. At present he is perched by the nest that is all hung about with dew-drops; and, although he has not touched it yet, he holds a small twig in his beak, as an indication of what he means to be at as soon as his friends will see the folly of their ways and the wisdom of his, and will come, as is their yearly custom, to talk over how best to rebuild the old home, or to determine if after all it is better to make an entirely new one; rooks, be it remarked, requiring much help and advice before even one twig is finally laid or one stick placed in a permanent position.

The dawn of the spring, being so gentle, has roused all the bird world; and our mornings are no longer silent, or made musical alone by the cheery song of the robin. The sparrow has already begun to fight vigorously and hustle his friends off any branches to which he thinks he has taken a fancy, though he knows perfectly well he cannot build upon them all; and the flocks of these pert little creatures that infest every hedge and rickyard in the neighborhood, already give signs of breaking up their winter companies and forming into couples for the love-making period of the year. The soft weather is a delight to the sparrow, who is miserable only in bitter cold; that causes him to hunch up his feathers, and speechlessly beg for crumbs and warmth

in a manner that is piteous to behold, spite of the many grudges we owe the little mendicant at every other time of the year. For does he not render our lives a burden to us by reason of the untidy nests he makes under our eaves? Does he not punctually nip our budding hopes as regards gooseberries and currants? Worst of all, does he not persist in waking us before even the laggard dawn of February mornings with his ceaseless chatter, that is purely domestic and that never rises beyond the bread-and-butter region of things? Rooks remind one of business men — steady, prosperous, regular, not easily cast down. Sparrows are like those housewives whose one object in life is to rule the house, and who love to tell their friends exactly how much trouble they take to live. The sparrow's eager, ceaseless note has never a touch of music in it; and though the little creatures are cheerful and busy, they are so only about trifles. The robin too is domestic, but he has the poetry of home life centred in him; while the thrushes and blackbirds are sweet singers and fair-weather creatures, who represent to us the art and song and culture of bird life. And what, then, do the starlings represent? Ah! there is not much doubt of that. Over yonder there is an empty house — very melancholy to look at. There are bars to the upper window, whence once the children used to gaze across and beckon and smile to us; and the lower windows, whence a hospitable stream of light used to shine out like a friendly greeting, are shuttered and closed. Yet the house has tenants at last. The starlings have been in possession there all the winter; and they are very pleasant creatures to watch. They do not rise very early just at present, and there is always one that gets up first. He emerges from his particular chimney, and takes a look round at the weather, sitting at first on the water-shoots, where he occasionally has a bath and where the sparrows always do; then he has a short flight; returns; looks down the chimney, as if to call up his friends; and then waits a while on the side of the chimney, gazing meditatively at the scene before him. Presently, one after the other, the rest emerge; and they then sit about the roof until breakfast suggests itself to their minds, when they all fly down into the garden and strut about until they are satisfied. Then off they scatter; and we see them no more until the next morning, when they rise to the day's work in exactly the same routine.

As spring dawns, nature seems like some enchanted princess waiting for the kiss from the fairy prince to awake her out of her sleep. Here and there the earth is pierced by a tiny spear: a yellow crocus stretches up its hands, begging the sun to call it out from its dark chamber into glorious light and air. Wee buds are already on the lilac; and the shrubs have none of the pinched-up, black, starved appearance that makes winter a season of dread to the garden-lover. The present promise may be broken, snow and frost may return; but now the whole atmosphere is full of hope. The birds rejoice, and nature allows us to see signs and hear sounds that speak of spring and whisper of the summer beyond. The days are growing longer. Darkness has not quite so much of his own way as he had; and we are allowed to feel that the worst of the year is over.

From The Oil, Paint, and Drug Reporter.

THE SPONGE TRADE OF THE BAHAMAS.

NEXT to the pineapple business the sponge trade is the most important industry of the Bahamas, bringing considerable money into the colony, and furnishing steady and lucrative employment to several hundred vessels and several thousand persons. At first sponges were divided into only two classes, the coarse and fine, the former bringing about five dollars per hundredweight and the latter about double that sum. Sponges are now divided into many varieties, the principal of which known to the trade here are as follows, in the order of their value, the first being the best, viz.: sheep-wool, white leaf, abaco velvet, dark reef, boat, hard-head, grass, yellow, and glove. Of some of these varieties there are several grades designated by numbers, all being useful for mechanical, surgical, and bathing purposes. Bahama and Florida sponges are of about equal value, both kinds being inferior in texture and market value to those of the Mediterranean. The vessels employed in sponging are small craft, their average being about ten tons burden, each vessel carrying from six to twelve men. These vessels take on board about six weeks' provisions and start out coasting along the banks and reefs, where the water is shallow, and among the islands, for in such localities the sponges are found. In case of a storm the little craft takes refuge inside the coral reefs, or under the lee of an island. The sponges are readily seen

growing upon the rocks, reefs, and shallows, for the water is marvellously clear, and they are brought to the surface by means of iron hooks fastened to long poles, or by diving. When first caught they are found to be covered with a soft gelatinous substance, full of life, and as black as tar, the sponge proper being really only the skeleton or support of this living organism. The day's catch is spread upon the deck so as to kill this living covering, which in decaying emits an odor by no means as fragrant as that of frangipanni. When a sufficient quantity of sponge has been gathered to warrant it the spongers go ashore, build a pen or "crawl" of stakes at the water's edge, and place the sponges therein, when the action of the tide helps to remove the black covering, the process being completed by pounding the sponges with sticks. Having been cleansed in this manner the sponges are strung upon small palmetto strips, each string containing three or four sponges, being called a "bead," and with this cargo the vessels return to Nassau. A cargo will range in value from seventy-five to three hundred dollars, according to quantity, quality, and demand. The sales and handling of sponges are substantially controlled by what is known as the Nassau Sponge Exchange Company, Limited, an organization holding a charter from the Colonial Legislature, with a capital of £600, and possessing certain privileges. The Company has erected a commodious building upon one of the wharves, and here all the sponges are sold, subject to certain taxes and restrictions. No person is permitted to buy until he has become a member of the exchange under certain conditions, and a seller who attempts to dispose of his cargo outside of the exchange will soon be put under the ban. Sales are made upon every week-day, except Saturday, at eleven o'clock, A.M., each buyer offering his tender in writing and privately, and he is expected to make some offer for each lot on sale. As soon as the daily sale is concluded, the sponges are hauled away to the packing-yards, where they are assorted and clipped into good shape. They are then put into tubs or vats of lime-water to soak for several hours, and are afterwards spread upon canvas to bleach and dry in the sun. Next they are pressed by machinery into bales about three by two feet in size, each containing one hundred pounds, the packages being covered with coarse bagging securely sewed and corded, and are then ready for

shipment. All the work bestowed upon the sponges from catching to shipment, except the purchasing at the exchange, is performed by the native blacks. Bahama sponges are shipped to the United States and Great Britain, with an occasional lot to Paris. Up to three years ago, Great Britain got the bulk of the trade. Since then the United States has taken a greater part of the sponges. In 1881 the total value of the sponges shipped from these islands was \$150,000, of which \$36,357 worth went to England, and \$113,643 went to the United States. The first quarter of 1882 has shown a signal increase in the trade with the United States, the amount shipped during January, February, and March being more than two-thirds as much as the total for the year 1881, which year was itself an improvement over all the preceding ones. There was no special increase during that quarter in the shipments to Europe. The sudden increase in shipments to the United States was owing to the discovery of a new and extensive field of sponges near the island of Eleuthera, only sixty miles distant from Nassau, the product of which the American agents eagerly bought up. The water on the new field is from five to eight fathoms in depth, making the gathering of the sponges tedious and laborious. It is thought that the field is a very extensive one, extending over many miles, and the sponges are, so far as known, all of the sheep-wool or most valuable variety. The business of gathering, curing, and packing brings about \$150,000 of foreign capital into the colony every year, which is largely sent to the United States to purchase materials for the vessels, provisions for the men, and for general purchases; and so any increase of the sponge industry will enlarge the amount of goods which the colonists will be able to buy of us. In fact, the trade relations of the Bahamas are now so intimate with the United States that the prosperity of the former is directly beneficial to the latter; and we do not overstate the truth when we assert that this colony, although politically a "dependency" of Great Britain, is in reality, so far as an increasing profitable trade and commerce is concerned, a "dependency" of the United States. A liberal spirit on the part of our government and fair and honest dealing by our merchants and manufacturers are all that is needed to retain our present trade with the Bahamas, and to materially enlarge the same, as the colony itself develops its natural resources and prospers.